TUKE

·THE·MUSIC·MAGAZINE·

JULY 9, 1983 ISSUE No. 428 *$1.00

HUMAN LEAGUE'S FLIGHT TO TIMELESS

The Police, Sunnyboys, Dave Edmunds, Klaus Schulze
Iron Maiden, Elvis Costello, Spitfires, Icicle Works, Donna Summer

SPECIAL REPORT: Youth Suppression In Poland

JUKE — THE MUSIC MAGAZINE

Top Gigs

SANTANA

July 23: Entertainment Centre, Sydney; 24 : Melbourne Sports And Entertainment Centre.

BOB HOPE

July 6, 11 : Concert Hall, Melbourne, 8 : Entertainment Centre, Sydney.

JOAN ARMATRADING

August 19 : Entertainment Centre, Sydney; 22 : Melbourne Sports And Entertainment Centre; 25 : Festival Theatre, Adelaide; 29 : Entertainment Centre, Perth; 2 : Festival Hall, Brisbane.

SUZI QUATRO

July 29, 30, 31 : Reversby Workers Club, Sydney.

THE SUPREMES

June 29 - July 2 : Canterbury-Hurlstone Park R.S.L., N.S.W.

The Juke National Gig Guide is a comprehensive weekly look at who's playing where — right around Australia.

The service is completely free of charge and is available to all bands and musicians wishing to advertise their gigs.

All Gig Guide information must be lodged with Juke no later than 10 a.m. on Thursday mornings for the following week's gigs (Monday-Sunday).

They can be posted, or telephoned to Linda Packham on (03) 60-0421, ext. 2064. Listings can also be telexed to Juke on AA30331 or AA30376.

VIC

ACRYLIC CHEWIES
6 Centre Club, Morwell, 7 Prospect Hill
AFRI-JAH
8 College Lawn Hotel, 10 Hydehurst Hotel
AN AFFAIR
4 Club Chevron, 8 The Club, 9 Bombay Rock
SHARIN ANDERSON & GARY PHILLIPSON
7 Panton Hill Hotel (free)
BALLROOM DANCERS
9 Cricketers Arms (fre)
PETE BEST BEATLES
4 Prince Of Wales Hotel
BIG RED TRACTOR
7 Duke of York, 8 Seaview Ballroom, 9 The Club
BLUEGUM SCRUB BAND
9 Boonoorung Bush Dance, Burwood Heights High
BOURBON
8 John Barleycorn Hotel
SUZIE BRYCE
8 Stalls Foyer, Melbourne Concert Hall
BUICK KBT
6 Central Club
RUSS CASTLEMAN
9 Hugo's Wine Bar, Dandenong
TONY CATZ BAND
5 Prospect Hill, 6 Astradome, 8 The Venue, 9 Manhattan Hotel, 10 Pier Hotel
GREG CHAMPION
6 Armadale Hotel, 7 Troubador (with Brent Parlane) 8 Hampton Hotel, 9 Argo Inn (with Brent Parlane)
CHOIR BOYS
4 Eureka Hotel, 5 Club Chevron, 6 Village Green, 7 Billboard
COBBERS
6 Dan O'Connell Hotel, 8, 9 Sky High Restaurant, Mt Dandenong
COVER-UP
7 The Roxy, 8, 9 Grainstore Tavern
CROSSMEMBER
9 London Tavern
NEW DANCEHALL RACKETEERS
6 Royal Derby Hotel, 8 Le Tote
DAVEY BROS.
9 Fountain Inn, Port Melb.
RAY DAVIES BAND
8 Gowerville Hotel, Preston, 9 College Lawn Hotel
DEALER'S CHOICE
7 Eltham Hotel, 8 College Lawn Hotel
ELECTRIC WARRIORS
7 Derrimut Hotel, Sunshine, 8 Boomerang Hotel, Albury, 9 Shamrock Hotel, Numurkah
E-QUE
7 Eureka Hotel, Geelong
ESCALATERS
5 White Friars College, 6 Grainstore, 7 R.M.I.T., 8 Prospect Hill, 9 The Venue, 10 Sydenham Hotel
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9 Tarmac Hotel
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8 Altona Working Men's Club, 9 Sundowner Hotel, Seaford
HI-LIFE
7 Duke of Edinburgh
HOODOO GURUS
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HOT BAGELS
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8 Somerville Hotel
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NO NONSENSE
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8 New Lincoln Inn
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SPECIAL FORCES
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SPEEDTRAP
10 Belvedere Lodge, Richmond
STRANGE TENANTS
8 London Tavern, 9 Croxton Park (early), 9 Club Chevron (late)s
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9 The Venue
SURVIVAL
9 De Marco's
SWEET LIP
7 Westernport Hotel, Hastings
TAILOR MADE
5 Station Hotel, 7 Tarmac Hotel, 8 Ritchies, 9 Westernport Hotel
TANZMACHINE
4 Central Club
THUNDERBUGS
6 Central Club, 8 Bombay Rock, 9 Prospect Hill
DUTCH TILDERS
4 Windsor Castle, 5 Victoria Hotel, Brunswick, 6 Renown Hotel, 9 Edinburgh Castle (arvo)
THE TURKEYS
7 Dava Hotel, Mt Martha, 8 Nth. Melb. F.C., 9 Ritchies, 10 Cockpit
2 CLEVER BY ½
6 Macy's
UNCANNY X-MEN
8 Cross Keys Hotel, 9 Sandown Park Hotel
UNDERCOVER
8 D Marco's, 9 Sherbourne Hotel, Shepparton
UTOPIA ROAD
8 Rusden College, 9 Criterion Hotel, Trafalgar
LEE WALKER BAND
7 Welshpool Hotel
TINSLEY WATERHOUSE BAND
8 Village Green, 9 Station Hotel
WHITE ELEPHANTS
9 Royal Park Hotel
SLIM WHITTLE
4 Prince of Wales Hotel
WILD DOG RODEO
8 Venetian Room
WILDE FRONTIER
8 Macy's, 9 Carlton F.C.
ZOROS
6 Sydenham Hotel

Just why are the Sunnyboys playing only one Melbourne gig — The Venue on the 9th? Turn to our story on page 11 and find out.

NSW

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ALLNITERS
9 Miranda Youth Club
THE ANGELS
9 Hordern Pavilion
ARMOURED CAR
9 Australian Hotel, Cooma
AVION
7 War & Peace
THE BEATS
6 Illawarra Yacht Club, 9 Cabbage Tree Hotel, 10 Caringbah Inn
BEL-AIRES
7 Bennelong Hotel, 8 Newcastle Uni, 9 Selinas, 10 Sylvania Hotel
BENDERS
7 Players
BIRDS OF PREY
7 Caringbah Inn
BLACK LABEL
8 Cabbage Tree Hotel
KEVIN BORICH
5 Leprachaun Hotel, 6 Padstow Park Hotel, 7 Shellharbor Inn, 8, 9 Lake Jindabyne Hotel, 10 Australia Hotel, Cooma
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9 Family Inn, 10 Avalon RSL
FULL MARKS
9 Manzil Room
THE GEARS
7 Chester Hill Hotel
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GUIDED TOUR
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HAIKU
10 Palms
HOI POLLOI
7 Mona Vale Hotel, 8 Sefton Hotel, 9 Sydney Cove Tavern
JOHNNY KANNIS & THE NIGHT TRAIN
6 Mosman Hotel, 7 Ingleburn R.S.L., 8 Sydney Trade Union Club, 9 Caringbah Inn
KING COBRA
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ROSE TATTOO
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SHEBA
7 Murwillumbah R.S.L.
BRODERICK SMITH BAND
4 Scandals
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SURVIVAL
8 Leeton Soldiers Club
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Dapto Leagues, 8 Governors Pleasure
TEMPER TEMPER
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T.M.G.
7 Riverwood Hotel
TRIPLE ENTENTE
9 Miranda Youth Club
TURNAROUND
9 Players
VULGAR BEATMEN
6 Players

QLD

BULLAMAKANKA
5 Burdekin International Club, Ayr, 6 Penthouse, Mackay, 7 The Ranch, Rockhampton, 8 Wal't Nightclub, Bundaberg, 9 Melanesian Room, Hervey Bay, 10 Valley's Rugby League F.C., Brisbane
RUSSELL MORRIS BAND
6 Caesars Palace, 7 Bombay Rock, 8 Glen Hotel, 9 Collandra Hotel, 10 Skateworld
IGGY POP
8 Playroom
REDGUM
7 Mayne Hall, Brisbane. 8 Municipal Theatre, Rockhampton, 9 Dean Park Soundshell, Townsville, 10 Kuranda Amphitheatre, Cairns
SHEBA
9 Playroom
SKIDMARKS
5-9 Central Hotel
TOUR DE FORCE
6-10 Twin Towns

SA

ABBEY ROAD
5, 6, 7, 10 Jules Nightclub, 8 Westlands Hotel, Whyalla, 9 Royal House, Drossan
INVISIBLE MENDEZ
9 Adelaide Uni
LAUGHING CLOWNS
10 Tivoli
RHYTHM WILLIE
8 Colonist Tavern, 9 Cremorne Hotel
SPY V SPY
7 Tivoli, 8 Underdale C.A.E., 9 Adelaide Uni, 10 Findon Hotel

WA

WENDY & THE ROCKETTS
6 Nookenburra, 7 Raffles Hotel, 8 Red Parrot, 9 Herdsman, 10 Floreat Park

The Champions are creating a following around Sydney with their exhuberant party style R&B. Catch them at the New York Tavern on the 5th.

While the Hitmen are off the road, Johnny Kannis has put together Night Train to do a set of mid-60s R&B standards. They're at the Sydney Trade Union Hall on the 8th.

There is a possibility that Sheba could do dates in Canada, America and Japan in the near future. Meantime, they're at the Playroom in Queensland on the 9th.

There has been a lot of interest in the Laughing Clowns since they returned from the UK. They'll be at the Tivoli in Adelaide on the 10th.

Ska boys No Nonsense are really starting to pull the crowds around their home base of Melbourne. Their gig at the Village Green on the 9th promises to be a rage.

Pulse

Edited by GRAHAM SIMPSON.

CHISEL: BUSINESS AS USUAL

By Christie Eliezer

By the time this comes out, Cold Chisel should have announced a temporary replacement for Steve Prestwich, who quit two weeks ago.

The band is doing two shows in Sydney jails — one at Silverwater Womens Prison and Long Bay Jail — before embarking on July 12 for three weeks of pub dates in Melbourne and Adelaide. These will be the band's first Melbourne shows for almost 18 months.

Last week, Chisel's manager Rod Willis was unwilling to suggest who the temporary replacement might be.

"We have a few players up our sleeve and it would be unfair to name them. But we're not auditioning: we've been around long enough to know who would fit into the position".

He did add that the band, at this stage anyway, were not looking at drummers outside the country.

The band just finished a 26-date tour of Germany which saw the European and English heavy rock magazines gushing. Willis says the band does intend to return to tour there again, but not before the release of the next album, scheduled to start recording at least before the end of winter.

The band is also tossing around ideas for celebrations of its 10th anniversary together, to be held in October.

"What we're hoping is that it ends up as some kind of jam session, but it's meant to be an anniversary that will include not only former players, but others who've been associated with us, like roadies, agents, managers . . .

"The only problem is, where to have it? Sydney would be an obvious place but then again, a lot of the band's friends, and relatives are also in Melbourne and Sydney."

Already one Sydney pop columnist has tipped that Prestwich's appearance at the 10th anniversary will be one of the celebration's highlights.

An air of mystery still remains as to the reason(s) behind Prestwich's departure, heightened by a complete "no comment" stance from band and management. But it is said that the announcement took even close Chisel associates by surprise; a couple of them first heard it being relayed on Sydney radio.

But Willis, who's helping Prestwich with advice on his career, says that after a break, the drummer would be concentrating on his songwriting. Steve's two songs from *Circus Animals*, "Forever Now" and "When The War Is Over" were two of Chisel's most successful singles last year.

"There has been some interest from other people in his songs. He writes good commercial pop songs".

He was not sure if the drummer would go back to performing again.

However Willis did clear up one point, which has been suggested as a possible motive for his departure; it was not the bad back that saw Gary Young having to replace him during some Queensland dates earlier this year.

Runners jog along

By Christie Eliezer

After the fiasco of their debut album *Hitting The Wall*, an overblown wimpy attempt that only proved to Australians that hiring overseas producers isn't always the answer, the Runners have announced a lineup to recover lost ground.

In an attempt to beef up the sound to the level of its early days, whiz kid drummer John Annas is being named as replacement to Grant Hamston.

At the same time, Tim Brosnan, former guitarist with Paul Kelly & the Dots, has been brought in as second guitarist alongside Trevor Reading. This allows Mark Edwards to concentrate on vocal and frontman duties.

The new lineup was playing around homebase Melbourne last week, and are expected to embark on an East Coast tour shortly.

The whisper is that the next album will be produced by Richard Clapton, who's keen to work with them, Clapton, of course, was the untried production force who worked with INXS some years ago.

Youth's dad on charges

By Jillian Hughes

Those who wanted Musical Youth to maintain a squeaky clean wholesome image by insisting they change the name of the reggae song "Pass The Kutchie" (ganja holder) to "Pass The Dutchie" (cooking pot) have had a jolt to their plans.

Fred Waite, the father of two members of the band, has been charged with stealing eleven guitars from a musical shop in Birmingham, England.

The instruments are worth almost A$15,000.

His two sons are very shocked, and plans for a Jamaican tour — set for later this week — are in turmoil.

A friend of the band commented "the boys are deeply shocked, he is a great influence on them, and it was he who taught them to play their instruments".

Plant out on his ear

By Robin Shelley

Multi-millionaire rock and roller Robert Plant has lost his house in his recent divorce settlement.

The former singer with Led Zeppelin said "Everything I own is thrown into a couple of bags and locked in my car. I've been sleeping on friends' floors and sofas while I look for somewhere to live."

Plant's twelve year old marriage to Indian-born Maureen ended in April, reportedly after she heard of his extra-marital activities on the road. In the past, Plant has said to have been very family-minded, with Zeppelin going off the road for a long time so that he and fellow family man John Paul Jones could devote time to their respective families.

In 1978, Zeppelin cut an American tour midway and went off the road for some years after the sudden death of Plant's son, Karac. The couple's surviving child, daughter Carmine, is now living with her mother in his old home.

"I miss my home but I'm surviving" says Plant. "It has given me the opportunity to meet all my old friends and hang around recording studios — and get back in touch with the music scene."

He was recently seen doing the London nightspots with a couple of members of the Belle Stars.

Close friends believe that with the collapse of his marriage, Plant will spend more time concentrating on recording and touring.

He's said to be putting a band together to go back on the road in August, although it now seems that Phil Collins — who'd agreed to tour with him if his busy schedules allowed — will be too busy producing other acts.

Some months ago, Plant astounded the audience at the Syracuse, New York War Memorial during a Phil Collins show. The former Zeppelin singer did not exhibit any vocalisings, but greeted the audience. The crowd, reportedly went apeshit.

Everly's reunite

By Jackie Tyler

Don and Phil Everly had a tearful reunion in a Nashville recording studio last week.

The duo have not spoken to each other for the last ten years — but last week they decided to put their personal problems aside and get back to the business of harmonising.

Many have tried unsuccessfully to effectuate a reunion, but the lucky man was Stu Coleman (no relation!) who also produces Shakin' Stevens.

"I was lucky", says Coleman. "When I approached them, the time was right. It had been ten years since they had seen each other — and I think they thought it was time to get back and see if it was possible to work together".

The two brothers came out of America in the Sixties and were best known for their high harmonies on songs like "Cathy's Clown", "Wake Up Little Susie" and "Bird Dog" and were considered by many of the acts of the late Sixties and early Seventies to be a major influence.

Frequent arguments led to their terminating the successful association.

From Robin Shelley in London

DEXYS, STEWART SLAM BOWIE

Both Dexys Midnight Runners and Rod Stewart have slammed David Bowie over the last week.

The Dexys launched into Bowie following their return to London after being thrown off a Paris show after Kevin Rowland made some derogatory remarks about headliner Bowie (see last week's *Pulse*).

Obviously angry, Rowland said "I'm not going to hide the fact I don't rate Bowie".

He claims that Bowie's management threw them off because they were going down so well.

"We only did the show because France is an important market for us, not because I have any respect for Bowie. Then they turned the sound off and we were forced to leave the stage. But our fans were shouting for an encore."

However, Bowie's aides — substantiated by journalists from European magazines who were backstage covering the show — maintain that the crowd was mainly a Bowie audience and they'd started to boo the Dexys to get them off. Rowland then got uncomplimentary about their hero and he was further booed.

In the meantime, Rod Stewart, interviewed on French television took the opportunity to blast his rival.

"I don't like him" Rod said flatly. "He's too arty and you can never get near him — even I would have to get past the ten bodyguards who always surround him."

In another interview he said "I'm the comedian of rock and roll. And Bowie? He's just too serious and introverted.

"There is a kid in me — there always will be. Any woman who has tried to shut that down has been given the elbow, but (wife) Alana lets the kid in me run free. The only problem I have with her is with wanting to move back to England — but she is coming round to the idea, for the children's sake."

By Jillian Hughes

Ringo, Paul together again?

As Paul McCartney plans a return to the concert trail over the next couple of months, the popular rumour is that his drummer will be Ringo Starr.

Although there is no official word from McCartney's representatives on his first live shows for three years — following the murder of John Lennon, the bassist announced he would never set foot on another stage — it is assumed that the shows are to coincide with the opening of his movie *Give My Regards To Broad Street*.

He will team up with the musicians featured in that film. In other words, the band he'll play with, might include Dave Edmunds and Chris Spedding on guitars, Linda McCartney on keyboards and Starr on drums.

The delay on any announcement seems to be because of McCartney, who is still working out if the band is to play to holidaymakers in selected resorts or play the key cities like London, Birmingham and Glasgow.

If the McCartney/Starr teamup happens, it won't be the only bit of good news for Beatles nostalgists.

Fans from all over the world are expected to visit the old Apple studios in St. John's Wood, London, when the "sight and sound" exhibition opens on July 18. There will be three live shows a day, seven days a week, when EMI Records (who now own the studio) open it to the public.

Fans will be able to see film and music and equipment the band used in making their classic records during the Sixties. A mock-up of a Beatles set will also be on display. And McCartney has promised to contribute some of his own memorabilia from the Beatles and Wings to the exhibition.

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Barbed Wires

Edited by CHRISTIE ELIEZER.

• This buncha bleary looking blokes are none other than Le Hoodoo Gurus who, after a drinking session with various Big Time Records executives, discovered on waking up the next morning that they were actually signed to their label. What's more, they had a single called "Tojo (Never Made It To Darwin)" and were booked in for a national tour. See what happens when you go drinking in the wrong places?

You are honest, harrassed, pleasantly servile and extremely snooty. You manage the extremely posh Dakota apartments in New York which harbours doddering dowagers, eccentric film stars, idle hangers on and other famous rich people who're too god-like to live with the likes of the motley mundane masses.

For years, the residents have made it clear they want to (a) be exclusive (b) lead a quiet lifestyle. Then along comes this communist subversive drug taking musician and his weird looking non-Anglo Saxon wife. They're eccentric but loaded with enough money to want to buy three of the very expensive apartments — one of them just to store clothes in! You sigh, but it's okay, because Mr and Mrs **John Lennon** make it quite clear that they shun any sort of public reaction and will not throw wild parties. So you swallow your pride and allow them to stay, although you make sure that other rock and roll heathens like **Billy Joel, Mick Jagger** and **Bette Midler** who try to flaunt their new found status by applying for leases are quickly turned down. At all cost, the anonymity and quietness of the Dakota apartments must be preserved.

Then tragedy; the English looney goes and gets himself shot right outside, and for months after, there are kids milling around. Horror, the place becomes some sort of youth culture shrine. Gaspo! Next thing you hear, Lennon's wife has sold **Johnny Carson** Productions the rights for the first ever authorised biopic of her late husband, and the company applies for approval to shoot on site.

You say no, of course. The dignity of the place must be maintained at all costs. But it doesn't matter. The film company announces its intentions to build a cardboard version for the film.

Oh dear, these things are sent to try us.

• **Duran Duran's** *guitarist* **Andy Taylor** *is opening a wine bar in his home town of Whitley Bay, near Newcastle in England. The whole band is expected to be there at the opening party of the nightspot which is, of course, called Rio.*

• **Peter Gabriel** has finally been given the green light for his benefit show for the anti-apartheid Lincoln Trust. The show, which will feature the **Thompson Twins** and **Undertones** will include what Gabriel calls "friends". The last time that happened, the entire **Genesis** turned out, to delight the fans who'd attended a show at Milton Keyes in England.

• **INXS** *and* **Men At Work** *are teaming up for some American dates in August. Michael Hutchence and his cohorts are expected to do some quick dates around Melbourne this month.*

• **Strange Tenants'** first date of a five week East Coast tour, in Ipswich was washed out in the recent Queensland floods. The band, incidentally, has been rejoined by former bassist **Chris Rodgers** who previously had to return to England because of visa problems and has overcome that now by becoming an Australian resident.

• *The* **Yes** *reunion has run into problems — the name is owned by* **Brian Lane,** *the band's ex-manager who's now looking after* **Asia.** *He says he has not been approached about the use of the name, and suggests they either try the name* **Yes And No** *... or* **Maybe.**

• Just released in America: a spellbinding biography of **Bob Marley** entitled *Catch A Fire* by top American scribbler **Timothy White.**

• *Adelaide's* **Vitamin Z** *have broken up.*

• Negotiations currently ongoing for a **Bow Wow Wow** tour late spring or early summer.

• *Melbourne's* **Dear Enemy,** *recording in Los Angeles with* **Peter McIan,** *had to fly singer* **Rob Martini** *to Phoenix, Arizona, to put down the backing vocals because the El Lay smog kept affecting his voice. The band is drifting back to Melbourne over the next week or so, and is set to hit the road again late August.*

• **Will AC/DC Die For Our Sins Pt 1:** OK, heavy metal kids, the $64,000 question: what do mooning, beating up lil' old ladies and listening to **Def Leppard** have in common? According to a court in Albany, New York, they're illegal, that's what.

A 19-year old was charged with the crime of "Amplified Music (Excessive)" while driving down the street in his brother's Mustang listening to **High And Dry** ... an album that needs to be played with the volume right up. A cop pulled him over, shoved a summons into his face and our hero was hauled up before a beak. Why did you do this foul deed, barked the magistrate.

Replied the kid, as only a heavy rock fan can: "Duuuh, because I liked the song".

He was given a $20 fine and told to listen to something wimpier.

• **Will AC/DC die For Our Sins Pt 2:** *sinze* **Ozzy Osbourne** *left America to sharpen his horns and tail in England, one religious organisation in Texas — going by the odd name of* **Odessans For Decency** *— are claiming that the Oz's bouts of bad luck and illness are proof of a "Higher Authority" zapping naughty rock stars. Said a spokesperson: "We're not talking about rock and roll! We're talking about a madman!"*

Soon to be a madman actor, too, if what Ozzy says is true. The Oz reckons that he's been sent lots of horror movie scripts to read with a view to acting in one, and that he's set to make his movie debut late 1984. Oh well, think of the fortune they'll save not having to hire a make-up lady for the Oz.

• **White Trash** is the name of a three month band put together by **David Chesworth** and **Philip Jackson** (involved in some seminal Melbourne underground music including **Whirlywirld, Essendon Airport** and **Equal Local,** among others) to perform from July to September. The two will be using the unique technology at their disposal to make a movie that they describe as "driving, powerful, electronic and irresistably DANCEABLE!"

• *Expatriate producer* **John Capek** *has flown into Australia to work on the next albums by* **Kevin Johnson, Russell Dunlop** *and* **John Paul Young.** *Capek's song "Pieces Of Ice" was recorded by* **Diana Ross** *and is a hit in the U.S.*

• Melbourne singer/songwriter **Paul Kelly** to go back on the road with a new band, but not under the name **Dots.**

• **Elton John** *maintains that his duet tour with* **Rod Stewart** *is not (another) one of their whims but something quite substantial. "A joint tour is something we've been talking about for years", the plump one trilled in London last week. "It's really exciting now that it's actually going to happen. We will start in America. It will be slick, spectacular and hit everybody between the eyes.*

"Our partnership on the road will continue into the cinema. For many years now we've wanted to make a film — a sort of up to date version of an on the road, Bing Crosby-Bob Hope movie."

As reported here two issues back, **Alana Stewart** *has shoved herself in the role played by* **Dorothy Lamour.**

• In London, members of **UB 40,** who joined the protest at the South African embassy in Trafalgar Square at the unjust hanging of a black man, got into scuffles with embassy security when they tried to get into the grounds.

• **Nick Heyward,** *ex-pretty boy with* **Hairlip One Hundred,** *is muttering about doing a strip in a Japanese magazine. Not THAT kind of strip, you foul minded lout. He was an illustrator before he joined the band, wasn't he, and now he wants to put together some cartoon strip for a Jap rag.*

• The most interesting recording title of the week is *How Much Punk Rock Do You Hear In Russia,* an EP to be released in the U.S. by New York band called **Artless** who describe themselves as a "pro-**Reagen** republican punk band". The record is produced by **Gary Miller** (aka **Dr Know,** guitar hero with **Bad Brains,** profiled last week in these very pages). Artless are congealed around **Mykel Board** the insanely hostile genius who was behind **Art,** the fascinating conceptual cabaret/punk/satire band. Art's second EP, produced for them a year ago by **Keith Levene** (who's married to Art's **Laurie Montana)** is still unreleased.

Speaking of Levene, the former PIL-person has spent some time at his parents-in-laws house in Long Island, and is these days looking quite healthy.

On the PIL recording front, there is very little — to say, no — activity. *Commercial Zone,* which was to be the follow up to *Flowers Of Romance* is now only 12 months overdue. After the departure of bassist **Peter Jones** to the UK, no one knows if any of the recording he did with the rest of the band will surface.

• *Reports have it that ex-***AC/DC** *drummer* **Phil Rudd** *is back in Australia and will only grant an interview if the interviewer is- ... Playmate* **Karen West.** *We at* ***Barbed Wires*** *say that* ***Rebecca Batties*** *has better legs than Ms. West ... once she takes off her orthopedic shoes, that is.*

• **Beargarden,** who broke up 12 months ago, are back and under the guidance of the **INXS** management.

• **Mother Goose** *and the* **Mike Rudd/Billy Putt/John Moon/ Weird Harold** *electronic video outfit* **WHY** *are going on the road as a double package later this month. Both have singles out at the same time. WHY's Germany-recorded album* ***Present Tense*** *will be simultaneously released in Australia and through Europe on August 29. After the Oz dates, it is understood Rudd is eager to return to Germany where the band has had positive reaction on some dates in between recording earlier this year. The producers of the German rock show* ***Rockpalast*** *which has a viewing rating of 15 million through Europe, are very interested in featuring WHY.*

• **Human League** have sued to have their song "Love Action" removed from the soundtrack of *The Last American Virgin.*

• *Is it true that* **Linda McCartney** *has a solo LP in the offing, produced by* **Tony Visconti** *and with* **Lene Lovich** *providing backup vocals for a track or two?*

• Former **Knack** leader **Doug Fieger** is sporting long hair and playing with a band that is described as a heavy metalled **Missing Persons.** Fieger was also wed recently — but not to **Sharona.** The end of an era? We at *Barbed Wires* can still remember when Fieger confidently said in 1977 "there's no one else around — there's only us and **Led Zeppelin".**

• *Actress turned film producer* **Michelle Phillips** *is putting together a film biog of the* **Mamas & Papas.**

• It seems **Bob Dylan** is SPO (Somewhat Pissed Off) with the producer of his LP, **Mark Knopfler.** The reason for his miffedness is that **Knoppy** is not only way behind schedule in producing his record, but also walked out of the studios to join **Straits** for a short tour. The band played alongside **Duran Duran** in front of **Prince Charles** at his charity show in London recently.

Incidentally, Straits have just achieved a first for the history books. Their *Love Over Gold* has just become the first number one in the first Compact Disc chart compiled by Sony. The band only had to sell two thousand discs to get them. The system was launched in March and ten thousand Compact Disc players have been sold.

PH Premier Harbour agency

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Barbed Wires

Edited by CHRISTIE ELIEZER.

• *Sydney funkoids* **Rubert B,** *currently recording a single with* **Chris Gilbey.** *Producing, have a new bassist in* **Paul Read** *(ex-***Belaires)** *and saxman* **Don Raphael,** *last seen blowing with the* **Party Boys.**

Speaking of which, while a couple of **Hitmen** *are away being born again with the* **New Christs** *supporting on the Iggy Pop tour, Hitmen growler* **Johnny Kannis** *has put together an ad hoc band called* **Night Train** *consisting of a couple of* **Rupert Bees,** *keyboardsman* **Steve Harris** *and singer* **Lynn Phillips** *(who happens to be Hitmen guitarist* **Chris Masuak's** *girlfriend). Night Train will play for three weeks around Sydney, doing covers by* **Sam & Dave, Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett** *and* **James Brown** *among others.*

• **One Eyed Trouser Snake Blues Pt 1: Billy Squier** was taping on a TV show when a couple of rabid female fans leaped into the set and tore at his pants, demolishing the zipper. Still, Squier braved on — you try singing "The Stroke", urging people to clap along with you, while trying to keep your pants on!

• **One Eyed Trouser Snake Pt.2:** *the ad hoc band made up of* **Young Homebuyers** *and* **North 2 Alaskans, The Latest Thing From Mars,** *were playing a gig at Macys (Melbourne) when singer* **Nasty Nigel** *while leaping over band member* **Frank Savage,** *accidentally tore his pants. He soldiered on although the pants continued tearing, and were finally pulled off completely onstage by Savage.*

• **Barbed Wires** bids fond farewell to Geelong rock musician **Roger Dallimore** who died of cancer recently. He co-wrote the current **Jon English Band** single "Some People Have All The Fun" with his brother **John,** who is guitarist with the JEB.

• **Ted Nugent** *walked away with the Celebrity Race prize at the Long Beach Grand Prix.* **J. Geils** *merely walked away; his car broke down.*

• Guitar hero **Rick Derringer** producer and played on an LP by novelty singer **Weird Al Yankovic,** which includes a takeoff of **Knack's** "My Balogna", **Queen's** "Another One Rides The Bus", and **Tony Basil's** "Ricky".

• *Marketing Alternative: Telmak Records claim a world first in the merchandising of the debut album by Sydney club singer,* **Kirri Adams.** *The album,* ***A Woman In Love,*** *has been released and retails at $19.99 — a little on the steep side for a single album, until the package is opened. Inside, it contains a woman's watch and three jewellery chains. The chains are 18 carat gold plate slider, a similar box chain and a third, serpentine chain. The watch is super-thin and is finished with a leather band. The record contains much of the material Adams features regularly on TV shows like* ***Don Lane Show*** *— covers of* **Streisand** *material like "A Woman In Love" and "Memory", as well as "One Day In Your Life", "Cavatina (He Was Beautiful)", "Just The Way You Are" and "Lost In Love."*

Similarly, the label has released the soundtrack album of **Reg Livermore's** *current show,* ***Firing Squad*** *(still playing Melbourne's Her Majesty's Theatre. Titled* ***Firing Squad — The Album,*** *it features only the musical numbers from the show, covers of* **Rick Davies/Roger Hodgson's** *"Crazy",* **Billy Field's** *"Try Biology",* **Elton John and Bernie Taupin's** *"Where Have All The Good Times Gone",* **Billy Joel's** *"Pressure" and* **Bob Seger's** *"We've Got Tonight".*

• A tribute concert in memory of **Karen Carpenter** was held last week at the First Congregational Church in Long Beach, California.

• *According to* ***Melody Maker,*** **Nick Cave,** *ex-***Birthday Party** *will return to Australia in September.*

• "You've got to be kidding. I mean, you umpires are the absolute PITS, man, I don't believe you know what you're doing". That's **John McEnroe** ("all my friends call me Superbrat") on the court. He was seen at the 100 Club in London muscling his way to the front to see a band called **Here And Now,** yelling "you're marvellous". He went backstage to say hello, had a few drinks and signed autographs.

Still on tennis (and if it was a female match, would we call it Volley Of The Dolls) former **Thin Lizzy** axegrinder **Scott Gorham** and tennis ace **Vitas Gerulaitis** were having a jam session together when who should walk in? Yep, Superbrat, with a host of cobwebbed names from the Seventies including **Simon Kirk** and **Mick Ralphs** of **Bad Company, Pink Void's Dave Gilmour, Queen's John Deacon** and **Martin Chambers** from the clean living **Pretenders.**

• *Three members of Adelaide's* **Dagoes** *have surfaced in a new band called* **Falling Spikes.**

• Congrats to **Party Boys/Richard Clapton Band** guitarist **Harvey James** and girlfriend **Christine** on the birth of **Gabriel** in Sydney recently.

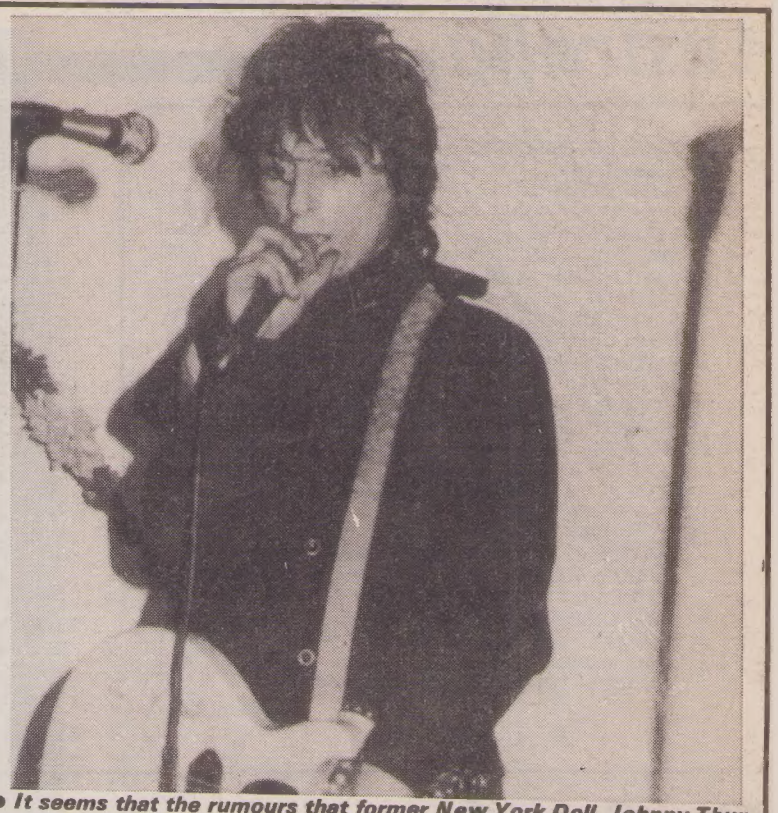
• *The three piece (original)* **Numbers** *are negotiating with record companies, and the whisper is that it's not necessarily with a local label. A number of American companies are interested in the insanely neglected "Big Beat" single, and the band is in the studios working on demos.*

• In Melbourne, while the home of ska etc, the Aberdeen, closed its doors, it looks as though the Tiger Lounge in Richmond might re-open in late July although not necessarily with that name.

• *As we predicted months ago,* **Gary Numan** *has announced his return to live work. He starts a British tour in September, promising it'll be as extravagant as his* ***Touring Principle*** *and* ***Teletour*** *shows. In the meantime, Numan's band has lost keyboardsplayer* **Roger Mason,** *who's teamed up with ex-***Japan's Roger Dean** *and* **Phil Foxman** *(the former* **Supernaut** *bassist who's in London following a solo deal) in a band.*

• Posing as The Imposter, **Elvis Costello** is enjoying his biggest hit in England for some time with "Pills And Soap". Prior to this release, the last six Costello singles didn't even make it into the UK Top 40. Careful analysis of the song's lyrics reveal Costello's empathy with Animal Rights protesters — pills and soap being just two of the commodities developed by subjecting animals to unpleasant laboratory experiments. Although Costello has not said so, "Pills And Soap" could be a purging of his guilty complex: before signing to Stiff Records, he was a computer programmer with cosmetic firm Elizabeth Arden who authorised a number of these experimentations.

"Pills And Soap" is the first release on the Imp label, part of **Jake Riviera's** F Beat/Demon/Edsel conglomeration. This means, Costello has gone through no less than five companies, since he's also issued records through F Beat, Stiff, Radar and A&M, the latter a one off single, the title track to the movie *Party Party.* Only **Lulu** whose 18 year career over six labels has had more changes in the UK; **David Bowie** has gone through five labels, namely Philips, RCA, Drea, MCA and EMI America. In Australia, you can expect the old timers like **Billy Thorpe** and **Mike Rudd** to have gone through a number. Rudd, for instance, is now on his fifth label in this country. (See elsewhere for Rudd's past and present — **WHY** and **Spectrum** — noos).



• It seems that the rumours that former New York Doll, Johnny Thunders, died in New York weren't true after all. Thunders says that reports of his death were greatly exaggerated and that he's in fine shape . . . well, as fine as one who's given the tag "rock's second most wasted human being, next to Keith Richards".

Thunders says he's about to return to rock and roll with a vengeance. Now based in Paris, he's about to form a touring band and then, in September, start work on a new album — his first since* So Alone *five years ago.

• *Melbourne's* **Justice** *celebrate their return to live action with a new bassist and repertoire with an American Independence Day fancy dress party at the John Barleycorn on July 4.*

• Adelaide's **Mad Dogs & Towboys** off the road currently while their drummer **Rod Parker** recovers from an eye operation.

• **Swanee's** *show at Gundabine was recorded for a live EP; one of the tracks considered for inclusion is the old* **Vanda-Young** *"Evie".*

• **Tim Finn** celebrated his 31st birthday on June 25 with the news that his "Too Much Friction" solo single is to be issued in America and Canada, and was presented with a piano-shaped cake when interviewed on Channel 7's *Sounds.*

• *Melbourne's* **5.15** *lost their bassist on the eve of an Adelaide trip and are desperately searching for a replacement.*

• Set for tours, club jaunts from a revamped **Village People** and **KC & the Sunshine Band** (two acts that lost their relevance after the disco boom died) and a mid-spring visit from **Rick Springfield** who's still being voted Top Male Performer by the American fanzines.

• **One Eyed Trouser Snake Pt.3:** *Congrats to* **Ian Meldrum** *who turned up on* ***The (Daryl) Somers Show*** *last Tuesday to nervously plug his new video jukebox and talk about pop music, and got himself further in a flap when he accidentally tore his jeans on camera and displayed to the world his penchant for white undies.*

• *The new* **Black Sabbath** *expected to make its live debut headlining this year's Reading Festival in Britain, in August. The bill has not been confirmed, but other acts are expected to include* **Todd Rundgren,** *the* **Ramones, Loverboy** *and progressive re-runs* **Marillion.**

Also set for that month in that country is the annual Castle Doington Monsters Of Rock heavy metal freakout. **Whitesnake** *(who've just finished off their next LP in Munich) will be headlining with* **Meatloaf** *as main support, and others helping to destroy thousands of ear drums are* **ZZ Top, Twisted Sister** *and* **Diamond Head.**

The event also marks the live debut of former Sabbath singer **Ronnie James Dio's** *new band* **Dio.** *The band consists of ex-Sabs drummer* **Vinnie Appice,** *ex-***Wild Horses** *bassist* **Jimmy Bain** *and ex-***Sweet Savage** *guitarist* **Vivian Campbell.** *The band, as reported here some months back, has signed with Vertigo and has already released a debut LP* ***Holy Diver*** *in the UK.*

• **Phil Collins** is being wooed to produce the next **Cliff Richard** elpee. As a result, he has turned down the chance to tour with **Robert Plant's** upcoming band. Incidentally, some time in January, it transpires, **Collins** went into the studios with **Steve Winwood** and **Supertramp's Roger Hodgson.** One American magazine is predicting an **Asia** type supergroup; *Barbed Wires* remains more cautious but suggests the resulting tapes could be interesting listening.

• David Sylvian and close friend Riuichi Sakamoto of Yellow Magic Orchestra are about to release a duet single called "Forbidden Colours". His first single since Japan's split last year, the number is Sylvian's vocal version of the main theme from the film "Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence" which stars David Bowie and Sakamoto. The pair had a minor hit in Britain and Japan with their debut collaboration last year, "Bamboo Houses".

TOMCAT BAND

APPEARING WITH SUZI QUATRO

Tues 5th — PROSPECT HILL HOTEL
Wed 6th — ASTRADOME HOTEL, Traralgon
Fri 8th — THE VENUE
Sat 9th — MANHATTAN HOTEL
Sun 10th — PIER HOTEL, Frankston

PH

Charts

Australia

1	1	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART, Bonnie Tyler	CBS
2	13	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING, Irene Cara	PolyGram
3	7	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE, Police	Festival
4	4	I'M STILL STANDING, Elton John	PolyGram
5	2	BEAT IT, Michael Jackson	CBS
6	5	SWEET DREAMS, Eurythmics	RCA
7	14	SEND ME AN ANGEL, Real Life	RCA
8	6	SOLITAIRE, Laura Branigan	WEA
9	8	SAVE YOUR LOVE, Renee & Renalto	RCA
10	3	I WAS ONLY NINETEEN, Redgum	CBS
11	11	ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME, Naked Eyes	EMI
12	9	LITTLE RED CORVETTE, Prince	WEA
13	12	JEOPARDY, Greg Kihn Band	EMI
14	25	DROP THE PILOT, Joan Armatrading	Festival
15	16	LET'S GO TO BED, The Cure	WEA
16	23	LOVE IS A STRANGER, Eurythmics	RCA
17	10	DER KOMMISSAR, Falco	Festival
18	15	BILLIE JEAN, Michael Jackson	
19	—	CHURCH OF THE POISON MIND, Culture Club	CBS
20	—	CHANGE, Tears For Fears	PolyGram
21	—	A FRACTION TOO MUCH FRICTION, Tim Finn	Festival
22	18	IT'S RAINING MEN, Weather Girls	CBS
23	22	YOU ARE, Lionel Richie	PolyGram
24	19	BLUE MONDAY, New Order	EMI
25	—	AFFAIR OF THE HEART, Rick Springfield	EMI

1	3	FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT, Bonnie Tyler	CBS
2	2	THRILLER, Michael Jackson	CBS
3	6	TOO LOW FOR ZERO, Elton John	PolyGram
4	1	THE NUMBER ONES, The Beatles	EMI
5	5	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS), Eurythmics	RCA
6	—	FLASHDANCE, Original Soundtrack	PolyGram
7	4	CAUGHT IN THE ACT, Redgum	CBS
8	7	THE KEY, Joan Armatrading	Festival
9	9	PIECE OF MIND, Iron Maiden	EMI
10	10	THE NET, Little River Band	EMI
11	19	THE FINAL CUT, Pink Floyd	CBS
12	15	LET'S DANCE, David Bowie	EMI
13	18	TRUE, Spandau Ballet	Festival
14	11	CARGO, Men At Work	CBS
15	—	SEANCE, The Church	EMI
16	14	WATCH THE RED, The Angels	CBS
17	12	A CHILD'S ADVENTURE, Marianne Faithfull	Festival
18	16	SPIRIT OF PLACE, Goanna	WEA
19	21	THE HURTING, Tears For Fears	PolyGram
20	22	10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1, Midnight Oil	CBS
21	13	BEST OF SKYHOOKS, Skyhooks	Festival
22	20	LOCAL HERO, Mark Knopfler	PolyGram
23	17	INARTICULATE SPEECH OF THE HEART, Van Morrison	PolyGram
24	8	JOHN DENVER'S GREATEST HITS VOL. 2, John Denver	RCA
25	—	BODY WISHES, Rod Stewart	WEA

England

1	3	CHINA GIRL, David Bowie	EMI
2	1	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE, The Police	A & M
3	6	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING, Irene Cara	Casablanca
4	14	BABY JANE, Rod Stewart	W. Bros.
5	2	BAD BOYS, Wham	Innervision
6	4	NOBODY'S DIARY, Yazoo	Mute
7	13	I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES, Elton John	Rocket
8	5	BUFFALO SOLDIER, Bob Marley	Island
9	9	WAITING FOR A TRAIN, Flash & The Pan	EasyBeat
10	10	LADY LOVE ME (ONE MORE TIME), George Benson	W. Bros
11	20	I WANNA BE STARTIN' SOMETHIN' Michael Jackson	Epic
12	11	PILLS AND SOAP, The Imposter	Demon
13	7	LOVE TOWN, Booker Newbury III	Polydor
14	—	DARK IS THE NIGHT, Shakatak	Polydor
15	23	DEAD GIVEAWAY, Shalamar	Solar
16	—	DREAM TO SLEEP, H²o	RCA
17	8	JUST GOT LUCKY, JoBoxers	RCA
18	17	HANG ON NOW, KajaGooGoo	EMI
19	—	MARKET SQUARE HEROES, Marillion	EMI
20	19	WE CAME TO DANCE, Ultravox	Chrysalis
21	—	WHEN WE WERE YOUNG, Bucks Fizz	RCA
22	22	MOONLIGHT SHADOW, Mike Oldfield	Virgin
23	16	IN A BIG COUNTRY, Big Country	Mercury
24	12	CANDY GIRL, New Edition	London
25	—	LOOKING AT MIDNIGHT, Imagination	R & B

1	1	LET'S DANCE, David Bowie	EMI
2	2	THRILLER, Michael Jackson	Epic
3	25	OIL ON CANVAS, Japan	Virgin
4	6	TOO LOW FOR ZERO, Elton John	Rocket
5	23	BODY WISHES, Rod Stewart	W. Bros.
6	9	IN YOUR EYES, George Benson	WEA
7	5	CRISES, Mike Oldfield	Virgin
8	14	PLAYS LIVE, Peter Gabriel	Charisma
9	4	CONFRONTATION, Bob Marley	Island
10	7	TWICE AS KOOL, Kool & The Gang	Mercury
11	10	WHAT IS BEAT/BEST OF, The Beat	Arista
12	3	TRUE, Spandau Ballet	Reformation
13	19	SPEAKING IN TONGUES, Talking Heads	Sire
14	—	SYNCHRONICITY, The Police	A & M
15	8	THE LUXURY GAP, Heaven 17	Virgin
16	—	SOUTHERN DEATH CULT, Southern Death Cult	Beggars Banquet
17	12	HIGH DIVER, Dio	Vertigo
18	11	PIECE OF MIND, Iron Maiden	EMI
19	13	THE HURTING, Tears For Fears	Mercury
20	22	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES, New Order	Factory
21	17	CHART ENCOUNTERS OF THE HIT KIND, Various Artists	Ronco
22	—	CHART STARS, Various Artists	K-tel
23	17	THE COLLECTION, Dionne Warwick	Arista
24	—	WRAP YOUR ARMS AROUND ME, Agnetha Faltskog	Epic
25	18	CARGO, Men At Work	Epic

America

1	1	FLASHDANCE . . .WHAT A FEELING, Irene Cara	Casablanca
2	2	LET'S DANCE, David Bowie	EMI
3	4	TIME, Culture Club	Epic
4	7	ELECTRIC AVENUE, Eddy Grant	Portrait
5	3	BEAT IT, Michael Jackson	Epic
6	13	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE, The Police	A&M
7	8	ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME, Naked Eyes	EMI
8	5	SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE, Thomas Dolby	Capitol
9	11	SHE'S A BEAUTY, The Tubes	Capitol
10	10	AFFAIR OF THE HEART, Rick Springfield	RCA
11	12	FAMILY MAN, Daryl Hall & John Otes	RCA
12	14	TOO SHY, KajaGooGoo	EMI
13	6	LITTLE RED CORVETTE, Prince	W.Bros.
14	15	DON'T LET IT END, Styx	A&M
15	16	NEVER GONNA LET YOU GO, Sergio Mendes	A&M
16	17	ALL THIS LOVE, DeBarge	Motown
17	20	OUR HOUSE, Madness	Geffen
18	18	TRY AGAIN, Champaign	Columbia
19	19	I'M STILL STANDING, Elton John	Geffen
20	23	WANNA BE STARTIN' SOMETHIN', Michael Jackson	Epic
21	9	MY LOVE, Lionel Richie	Motown
22	24	THE WOMAN IN YOU, Bee Gees	RSO
23	25	COME DANCING, The Kinks	Arista
24	22	FAITHFULLY, Journey	Columbia
25	—	IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW, Duran Duran	Capitol

1	1	THRILLER, Michael Jackson	Epic
2	2	FLASHDANCE, Original Soundtrack	Casablanca
3	5	PYROMANIA, Def Leppard	Mercury
4	4	LET'S DANCE, David Bowie	EMI
5	3	CARGO, Men At Work	Columbia
6	8	1999, Prince	W. Bros
7	6	FRONTIERS, Journey	Columbia
8	9	LIONEL RICHIE, Lionel Richie	Motown
9	10	H²o, Daryl Hall & John Oates	RCA
10	13	KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE, Eddy Grant	Ice
11	7	JARREAU, Al Jarreau	W. Bros.
12	12	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE, Bryan Adams	A&M
13	11	KILROY WAS HERE, Styx	A&M
14	14	LIVING IN OZ, Rick Springfield	RCA
15	16	BUSINESS AS USUAL, Men At Work	Columbia
16	17	WAR, U2	Island
17	18	KISSING TO BE CLEVER, Culture Club	Virgin
18	19	OUTSIDE INSIDE, The Tubes	Capitol
19	20	ELIMINATOR, ZZ Top	W. Bros.
20	23	LISTEN, A Flock Of Seagulls	Jive
21	15	THE FINAL CUT, Pink Floyd	Columbia
22	24	ALL THIS LOVE, DeBarge	Motown
23	21	THE GOLDEN AGE OF WIRELESS, Thomas Dolby	Capitol
24	—	BETWEEN THE SHEETS, Isley Brothers	T-Neck
25	—	VISIONS, Gladys Knight & The Pips	Columbia

Yesteryear

SINGLES FIVE YEARS AGO

1 I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN, Eruption
2 WUTHERING HEIGHTS, Kate Bush
3 BAKER STREET, Gerry Rafferty
4 LOVE IS IN THE AIR, John Paul Young
5 CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU, Barry Manilow
6 YOU TOOK THE WORDS, Meatloaf
7 NIGHT FEVER, Bee Gees
8 STAYIN' ALIVE, Bee Gees
9 DENIS, Blondie
10 IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, Yvonne Elliman

ALBUMS FIVE YEARS AGO

1 BAT OUT OF HELL, Meatloaf
2 CITY TO CITY, Gerry Rafferty
3 SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, Original Soundtrack
4 THE KICK INSIDE, Kate Bush
5 THE STRANGER, Billy Joel
6 KAYA, Bob Marley & The Wailers
7 SLEEPER CATCHER, Little River Band
8 EVEN NOW, Barry Manilow
9 LONDON TOWN, Wings
10 WEEKEND IN L.A., George Benson

SINGLES TEN YEARS AGO

1 TIE A YELLOW RIBBON, Dawn
2 THE MORNING AFTER, Maureen McGovern
3 DO YOU WANNA TOUCH ME, Gary Glitter
4 I DON'T WANNA PLAY HOUSE, Barbara Ray
5 HEAVEN IS MY WOMAN'S LOVE, Col Joye
6 DAISY A DAY, Judd Strunk
7 KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG, Roberta Flack
8 GET DOWN, Gilbert O'Sullivan
9 TWELFTH OF NEVER, Donny Osmond
10 PINBALL WIZARD/SEE ME FEEL ME, New Seekers

ALBUMS TEN YEARS AGO

1 HOT AUGUST NIGHT, Neil Diamond
2 JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR, Australian Cast Recording
3 GLITTER, Gary Glitter
4 SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII, Rick Wakeman
5 LIZA WITH A 'Z', Liza Minnelli
6 HOUSES OF THE HOLY, Led Zeppelin
7 DARK SIDE OF THE MOON, Pink Floyd
8 MADE IN JAPAN, Deep Purple
9 RED ROSE SPEEDWAY, Wings
10 BILLION DOLLAR BABIES, Alice Cooper

This week's 33⅓s

Malcolm McLaren: **Duck Rock**
Pigbag: **Lend An Ear**
Stevie Nicks: **Wild Heart**
Original Soundtrack: **Superman 3**
Crosby Stills & Nash: **Allies**
Mark Holden: **Mark Holden**
Don Williams: **Yellow Moon**
Marti Webb/Wayne Sleep: **Andrew Lloyd Webber's Song and Dance**
Samson: **Before The Storm**
Suzi Quatro: **Main Attraction**
Suzi Quatro: **Rock Hard** (re-release)
David Essex: **Be Bop The Future**
David Essex: **Stage Struck**
Peter Gabriel: **Peter Gabriel Plays Live**
Marillion: **Script For A Jester's Tear**
Pink Floyd — **Works** (Greatest Hits)
Go Betweens **Send Me A Lullaby**
Rick Springfield: **Living In Oz**
Q-Feel: **Q-Feel**
Shriekback: **Care**
Kinks: **State Of Confusion**
Uriah Heep: **Uriah Heep**

(all releases subject to last minute change by record companies who supplied this list)

This week's 45s

Talking Heads: **Burning Down The House**
Donna Summer: **She Works Hard For The Money** (7" 12")
Lionel Richie: **My Love**
Echo & The Bunnymen: **The Cutter** (12")
Jo Jo Zep: **Losers Game** (7" 12")
Joan Armatrading: **Callin My Name**
Pigbag: **Hit The O-Deck**
Shriekback: **Lined Up** (7" 12")
Pulsallama: **Oui, Oui** (7" 12")
Berlin: **I'm A Sex**
Jose Feliciano: **If You Have A Heart**
Coconuts: **Do You Have To Love Me Like You Did**
Burning Sensation: **Belly Of The Whale**
Phil Garland: **You Are The One**
Joe Jackson: **Another World**

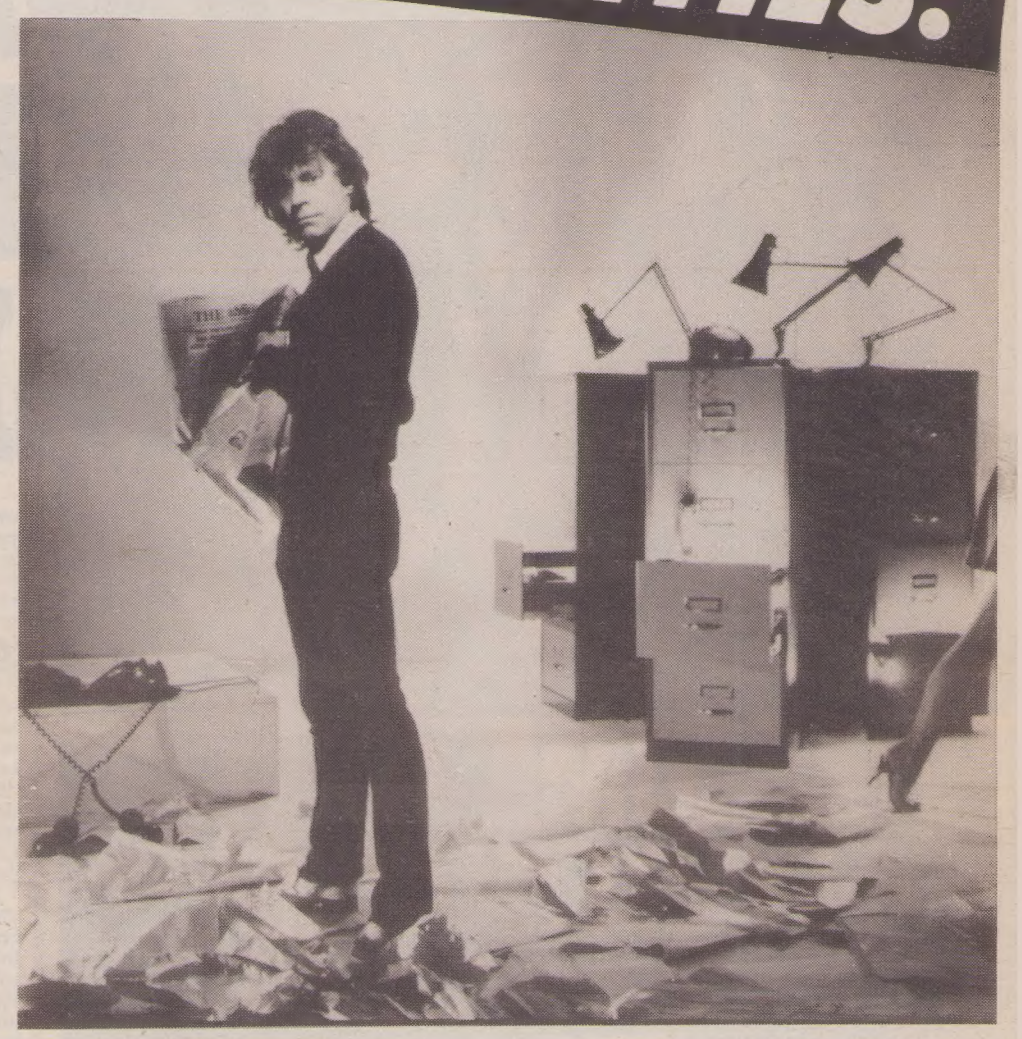
(all releases subject to last minute change by record companies who supplied this list)

Alternatively . . .

1		SPEAK LIKE A CHILD, Style Council	Polydor
2		NO COMMOTION, Karen Ansell	Mushroom
3		LIFE WITHOUT LULU, New 5	Au Fait
4		ALICE, Sisters Of Mercy	Merciful
5		PALM OF MY HAND, Pale Fountains	Virgin
6		HEAVEN SENT, Paul Haig	Crepuscule
7		LET'S DANCE, David Bowie	EMI
8		DEATH PARTY, Gun Club	Animal
9		WHY CAN'T WE LIVE TOGETHER, Maximum Joy	Garage
10		SEND ME AN ANGEL, Real Life	Mushroom
11		YA YA CHORAL EP, Ya Ya Choral	M Squared
12		HISTORY OF A KISS, Gabi Delgado	Virgin
13		TRAGEDY AND MYSTERY, China Crisis	Virgin
14		RUN ME DOWN, Higsons	2 Tone
15		MEXICAN RADIO, Wall Of Voodoo	Illegal
16		SWEET DREAMS, Eurythmics	RCA
17		DER KOMMISSAR, Falco	Festival
18		FLESH OF MY FLESH, Orange Juice	Polydor
19		RESISTANCE, Clock DVA	Polydor
20		SUBTITLED REMIX, Honeymoon Killers	Crammed Discs

• **Playlist supplied bh Melbourne 3RRR-FM**

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO JOIN THE EIGHTIES!



Shock Treatment: Jillian Hughes

Dave Edmunds has long been associated with the essence of '50s rock, the Superfan talking lovingly about Chuck Berry, Carl Perkins and Link Wray and learning their celebrated solos note for note.

As a producer, he knew how to make rock and roll records . . . all sorts of them, whether they be Sun rockabilly and Phil Spector symphomania or Beach Boys/Everly Brothers doo-wop, Ry Cooder *folkloreik* . . . anything.

In fact, if you ask Edmunds, he'll tell you that the probable highpoint of his life was the time when he was asked to put a backing band for Carl Perkins for an English TV appearance. After all, what more could a Superfan do?

Perkins decided to do "Blue Suede Shoes".

At their first try at rehearsal, Perkins led the band into "one for the money, *bam*, two for the show . . ."

Edmunds and drummer Tommy Riley, a long time friend from Love Scupture and also just as much a Sun fanatic, exchanged puzzled looks.

"Er, excuse me, hang on Carl," Dave interrupted uneasily. "You remember on the original version you did it was 'one for the money, *bam, bam* (pause) . . . .two for the show."

Perkins looked shocked.

"Yeah, you did, honest," Edmunds insisted.

"Oh, it was a mistake".

A mistake that ten million garage bands made after! It was only a few minutes later that it dawned on Edmunds The Superfan: *he'd just told Carl Perkins how to sing 'Blue Suede Shoes'!*

When he makes records, he can do it solo, layering vocals and instruments one by one, obsessively building upon them until he produces something like "Baby I Love You", absolutely perfect pop. All the time he'll manipulate the studio to place the mikes just the way they did it in the '50s. Alternatively, he'd round up close friends like Nick Lowe, Billy Bremmer, Paul Riley, Steve Goulding etc, use their steeped knowledge and skill and mould them into whatever band he wanted to turn them into.

Synthesiser

However, on Edmunds' latest album, *Information* his long time following is going to be somewhat stunned to find the guitarist delving into the world of synthesiser technology for the first time.

Even more interesting is that he has enlisted the services of ELO's Jeff Lynne to produce.

"Yes, people were surprised when they heard about Jeff and me working together," says Edmunds, an amiable 40-year old whose quiet unassertive ease shows a man who knows his own skills and isn't impressed.

"But for me, it was a natural thing. I've always liked the way Jeff produced his records — he really lays it on without going over the top."

But surely, when Edmunds was recognised as the best contemporary Spector-clone, why did he need Lynne?

"Well, I don't know about this 'best' business," Dave gets embarrassed for a minute. "There were Spector-type records I was doing a long time ago. This was well before Rockpile. In those days I used to sit there in the studios for hours and take the time to do it slowly and carefully.

"But with Rockpile it was all pretty quick and slapdash, really. The fellows liked to keep things spontaneous. And when it came down to doing my own material, I realised I'd need somebody else because I'd become too blase and lazy about it. If you're gonna do it properly, then . . ."

Edmunds' Love Sculpture and Lynne's Idle Race had been unknown heavily touring bands in the UK in the late Sixties. Is that how they'd become friends?

"It's very funny, but we'd never met each other before. It is strange because we do like each others' work and work roughly in the same area but . . . I dunno. I guess we've been too busy or something. No, I got his home number off a mutual friend and rang him up, and he seemed quite keen.

"I told him, 'it's strange for me, because I've never used a producer before' and he said 'well, that's okay. I've never produced anyone before either' so it worked out well, we were quite at ease in the studios together."

Judging by the record, Lynne had made quite a change to his music. Had he fought against any of Lynne's suggestions?

"Well the thing is, I'd become bored with the way I was working. Over the years, I'd built up some formula, you know, you have set ways to do things, and you realise people do like what you do and inevitably you end up pulling those same tricks out of the box each time.

"And the reason I like doing it is, I want to keep it fun. You know, when the time comes to make another album and you don't look forward to it eagerly, then there's something wrong. It means you're in a rut. I've always liked Jeff's work, so I thought, why not?

"And he taught me a lot of new things. I mean, until we went into the studios together, I had never, ever, seen a drum machine in my life! I went in there and went 'what the hell is that'. I must say, it really changes your whole attitude to recording.

"I mean, the way I've done it is to rehearse the band and get the backing track down, and that's like the most essential thing. Every thing has to be built up around it. But with the drum machine, you programme your arrangement and you can introduce it into the track any time you want. Really, it's very creative inducing because it gives you a whole lot of expanse to work in."

Would people be upset by this change, did he think?

"Probably, but that's too bad. Once you stop having fun, then you change. If you do it purely for the sake of pleasing people, then you've lost it. And people always tend to whinge on about something about your record anyway, whether it's the fact you're using drum machines or not using Nick Lowe or whatever."

What about Pete Townshend's criticism that he was, in his early records, trying to re-create or celebrate his idols without putting anything of himself in it?

"He was exactly right, I was knocked out that he'd put his finger on the button. In fact, in the albums after that *(Flying As A Subtle Mallei)* I did start to start putting myself into the music."

What caused the rumour that he'd done some work on *Why By Numbers* but hadn't received proper credit for it?

"Well, I don't know about that. I got to know Keith (Moon) when we were filming *Stardust* (for which Edmunds did the soundtrack and plays a minor role) and it just built from there. When they were recording the album, Keith asked me to come down and I ended up playing acoustic guitar on one of the tracks.

"But I don't know if they ever used that track, because I can't even remember which track it was. I'm not complaining."

Rockpile

Rockpile's end was somewhat terse, considering their much-publicised camraderie, particularly between Lowe and Edmunds. Did he ever regret its parting of the ways?

"No, I was relieved when the band broke up, and I managed to build from there, so I had no time for regrets. To me, the whole Rockpile thing started as a fun thing, you know, good mates looning around.

"We should never have made records as Rockpile. Firstly, I don't think they worked. They were basically solo albums by myself and Nick with the same backing band. Our styles didn't really blend.

"Secondly, once you start cutting records, the fun stops. It's worse when you have hits with them! People are on your back all the time, you know, 'gotta write another hit' or 'make sure you get the album finished by October so we can have it out by Christmas', which is a strange reason to record because that's certainly not that we got into this for."

Right after Rockpile's split, Edmunds remained mum about the reasons for the split (they'd all made a pact) although Nick Lowe was quoted in one of the papers saying it was musical difference because Edmunds wanted to take Rockpile into another direction without any consideration for the rest of the band.

Obviously there'd been strained relations and I kept off the topic, but later in the conversation he did mention that he'd caught Lowe's Noise To Go while in New York recording with the Stray Cats, and had liked them.

What had Lowe said to him?

"I didn't go backstage."

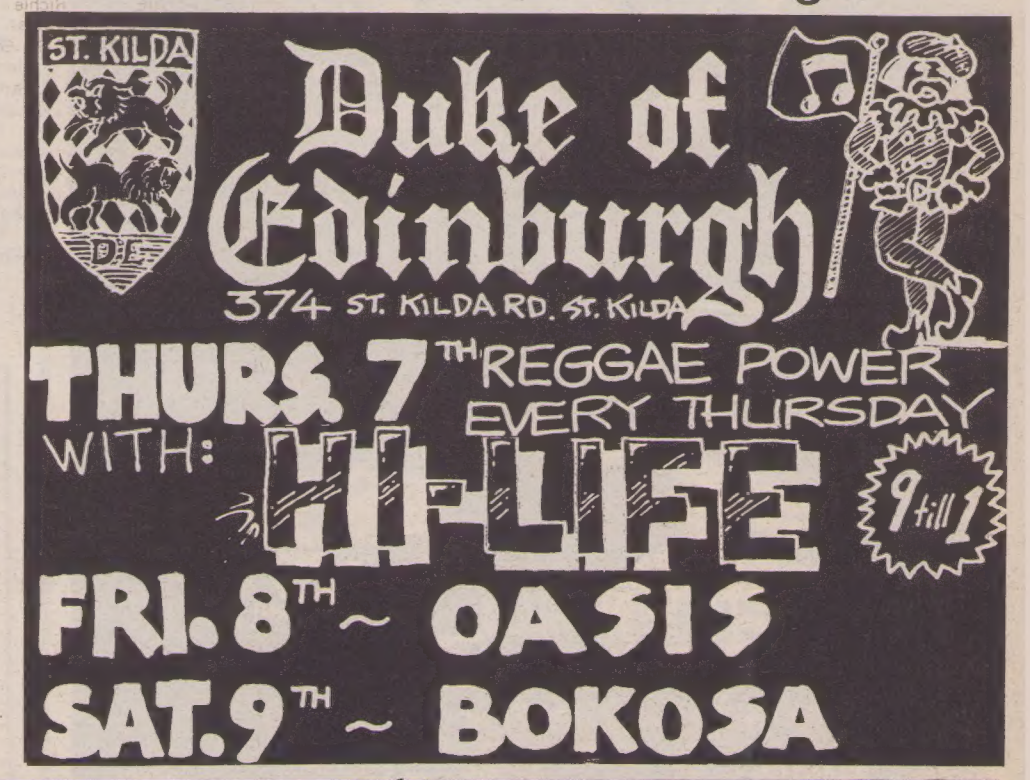
Edmunds is more eager to talk about the Stray Cats' next LP which he produced. He says that it's a musical jump for them, and that American success has certainly brought the creative juices flowing for Brian Setzer. "He's turning out into a real shit-hot guitarist."

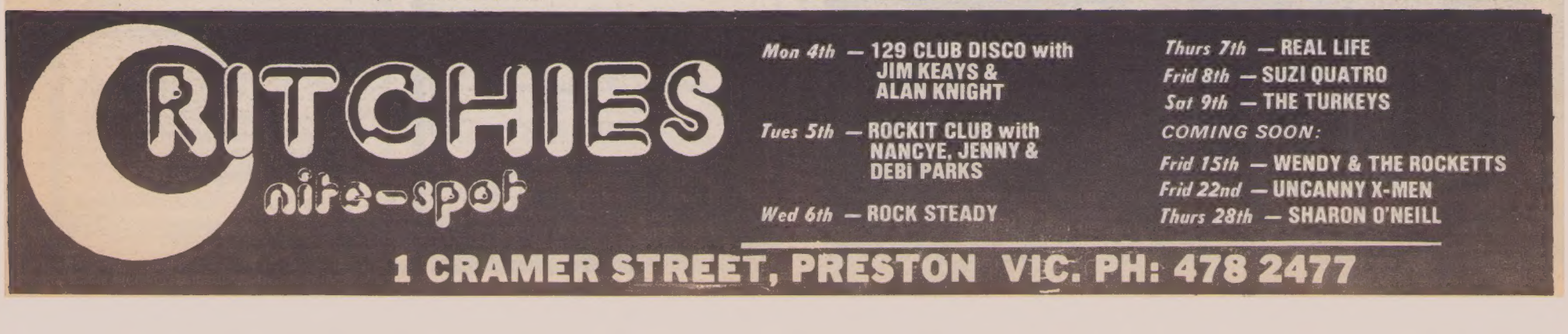
Edmunds has also been working on a minor role for Paul McCartney's *Give My Regards To Broad Street* movie as well as putting together a band for an American and European tour, which will include ex-Rockpile guitarist Billy Bremner, piano/accordianist Geraint Watkins, bassist John David (from Love Sculpture) and drummer Dave Charles.

We end up talking about the Sixties, and Edmunds admits that he was initially resentful that a whole lot of white bands should start ripping off black music (which he played and loved) without giving it proper recognition. But the way the Beatles applied it to British standards did impress him.

"I loved the Beatles but I think the Stones are so far over-rated. They've done a few classic singles like 'Honky Tonk Women', 'Jumpin' Jack' and 'Brown Sugar' but that's about it. I think I'm a far better Chuck Berry-style guitarist than Keith Richards, that's for sure."

The fact that he rates the entire Stones phenomena on their ability to reproduce Berry licks immediately sums up Edmunds' whole attitude to his rock.

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POLICE, POLICE TELL ME NOW

Back in the icy winds of October, I found myself sipping a rum and coke in the chilly confines of a typical Toronto hotel bar, debating the identity of the world's *biggest* rock band with Greg Ham, instrumentalist extraordinary with 1982's foremost new super-troopers, Men At Work. I was emphatically presenting the case for Supertramp: obviously — I foolishly insisted — top dogs in the contemporary avalanche of big-beat barkers. But Greg Ham, an obstinate Ozzie down to the marrow, wasn't connecting with my case at all. "Naw, no way," Ham hammered back, "The Police have got to be the top band in the world these days. No doubt about it mate!"

Maybe that's the case down under, I countered with an un-comely colonial clout, but Supertramp are far bigger than The Police in North America, where the big numbers really matter. "Maybe," retorted Ham, "but not internationally — The Police have it all over them."

In that helpful haze of insight, I now realise that Greg Ham was totally right. As I was completely wrong. Supertramp may *have* been the planet's biggest-selling band, but that was yesterday and nowadays, The Police have it all over them. In the post-"Famous Last Words" period and with the hurricane trumpeting the arrival of a new Police album, *Synchronicity*, it has become abundantly clear that chart for chart, country by country, all put together and tabulated, The Police are right out there on top. They own the title of the world's most popular rock band in the 80's.

Right now, a new chapter in the incredible history of The Police is unfolding in spectacular fashion as their fifth album in five years takes over record stores all around the planet on A & M vinyl. The first single from the LP, "Every Breath You Take", galloped to No. 1 in Britain this week, and is likewise, pounding towards the chart pinnacle in North America. Likely it will be the band's biggest single hit to date.

In the two years since the last LP, *Ghost In The Machine*, we've heard a plethora of Police clones and imitators. With so much attention focused on the formidable Police presence, and with so many studio hacks desperately trying to cash in on that unique Police sound, it's highly significant that no other recording act has been able to even come close to duplicate their style. In a sense, The Police sound is so definitively different that it simply can't be copied — it might as well be a patented, protected trademark of The Police and their producer, Hugh Padgham.

No previous Police album has so powerfully demonstrated the band's inimitable aptitude for capturing on tape a piece of music that nobody else can reproduce.

This is an amazing achievement for any act, but when one considers that The Police sound is being created by just three musicians, it's all but unbelievable — a trio turning out records that a hundred musicians cannot duplicate.

Now *that* friends, is something else again. Which is the whole point of this story.

Individually, and as a unit, The Police have never been stronger — Sting is just wrapping up location shooting in Mexico in the remake of Frank Herbert's science fiction classic *Dune*, while Stewart Copeland has completed his contributions to the new Coppola celluloid effort, *Rumble Fish*.

In the coming days, the three Police-men will rendezvous at drummer Stewart Copeland's home in Bledlo Ridge in the north of England, to start rehearsals for the forthcoming world tour, the success of which I suspect may surprise even the participants therein.

So, with the help of the transatlantic phone cable, we now plug in to Stewart Copeland for an updating on The Police career, and an insider's comments on the ten brilliant new songs that surround *Synchronicity* — with due credit to the late visionary, Carl Jung. To present, dare we say, some overdue sauce of intellectualization on that massive T-bone slab of corporate rock, that righteous relationship of unrelated events.

★ ★ ★

Firstly I'd like to mention how profoundly impressed I am by *Synchronicity*. It's encouraging to discover that the band apparently is pleased with how the album's turned out?

"Yeah, we *are* pleased with it. It's a different direction for us — we had to scratch our heads and think hard about it. This album wasn't straight off-the-cuff like our previous albums have been.

"*Synchronicity* was a more deliberated album, more crafted. The last album, *Ghost In The Machine* came very quickly: *Ghost* was kind of a development from *Zenyatta Mondatta*. It was similar to the steps we'd taken with that album only we'd been playing on tour and we just went straight in the studio and shot it straight out. So if we'd done *Synchronicity* like that once again, it would have sounded just like *Ghost*. We had to scratch our heads and think about it . . . so this is a more thoughtful album. Our next album probably will be back to slamming it out again, and it'll be a development from this one.

"We recorded the basic tracks and over-dubs for *Synchronicity* at the Air Studios at Montserrat, and then we did the mixing at Le Studio in Morin Heights Quebec. It was hard work but we're definitely pleased with the results."

More than the four earlier Police albums, I find *Synchronicity* allows each of you a distinctly personal voice throughout the album, while retaining a mysterious undercurrent of creative tension. It makes for a certain unique dynamic that sets this apart from the previous endeavors?

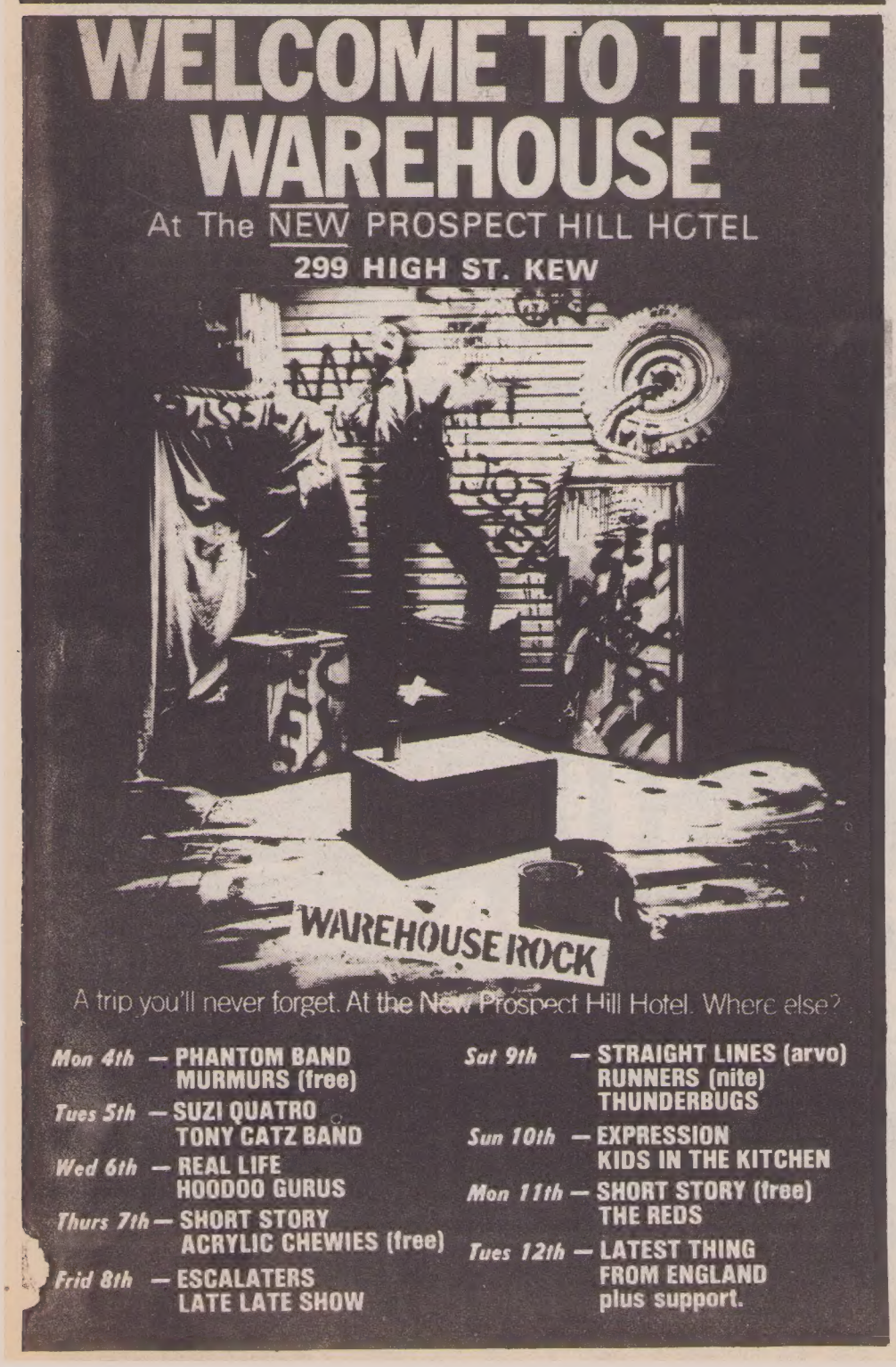
"It is a struggle because each of us has very strong ideas, and naturally it's a definite struggle. But we're all basically going in the same direction and we want the same thing; we're just very aggressive about deciding which ways to go. And there's always lots of ideas. You see, we record everything and then we fine tune it and (for us) that's what it takes: because we all care about it a lot.

"Each one of us identifies very strongly with the music — I feel that it's *my* music; Sting feels that it's *his* music; and Andy feel that it's *his* music. And that's why we care . . . that's why it always seems more intense than your average discussion.

"Sometimes it seems that we're arguing all the time, but we're not arguing — we're just discussing things at the top of our voices, partly because we've been playing too loud and can't hear each other. All this arguing stuff that gets into the media — God, it's all blown out of proportion. I mean, at times Sting and I will be hammering away in the studio and we'll look out of the corner of our eyes and we'll see that all the roadies are looking really nervous and it's like everybody watching mum and dad fighting or something . . . 'oh no, is this it?' they seem to be thinking. But we're just working on the music."

I gather that Police's studio approach is to record a whole bunch of new songs for each album, and then prune these down to the actual tunes which will appear . . . and that you also tend to spend a lot of time trying out different

STEWART COPELAND runs through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over-dubs before again, going back with the pruning shears to mix down to the final result?

"Yeah, that's right. With each song, we fill up all 24 separate tracks with a million different things and then we prune the track down. We usually record more songs than eventually wind up on the album. As the sessions proceed, the album begins to develop a character — but along the way, there'll likely be a few offshoots, a few tangents that *might* have been the direction of the album — interesting possibilities that we like to explore. But as the album takes shape and a sound begins to develop, then the extramaterialfalls by the wayside.

"*Synchronicity* took about a week longer to record than *Ghost*, and it seems that each of our albums takes a week longer than the previous one."

Let's get down to a brief discussion of each of the songs making up *Synchronicity*, and hopefully you can elaborate a little on the individual backgrounds and studio involvement?

"OK, well it all kicks off with "Synchronicity I", and the meaning you can easily get just by listening to the lyrics because it's fairly obvious. It's about Synchronicity, which is the Jungian concept to do with the relationship of unrelated events. As far as the sound and recording of it goes, it was done with a Sequencer, and we just hammered along playing to it and banging out the chord changes and belting along. We recorded that track fairly quickly and just built up the layers. It does seem like a good way to open an album with a track like that.

"That's followed by "Walking In Your Footsteps", which Sting wrote overnight while we were in the studio. We all went home but Sting was still there, still bopping and he came up with this tune. It was right near the end of the recording stage when we were wrapping things up. We came back one morning and there was this little tune and we all put some jazz to it and there is.

"Then comes "Oh My God" which is a prayer, as a matter of fact. It sounds like a soul song, but I guess most soul songs are prayers and that's what this one is. We had several different rhythms which we tried out in the studio. It started out as almost like a disco rhythm, but we jammed around and tried lots of different things and ended up with this. The backing track was just a jam that we did and then we got out the scissors and constructed it and built the chords up by cutting around the drums — getting the drums up into a pattern and then laying the guitar into a pattern that would match some verses and choruses for the disco song that we *had* been working on. So we just lifted those lyrics and put them on this song.

"Mother" was written by Andy Summers, and to tell the truth, Andy's been wincing ever since we recorded it. It was all a great idea at first . . . 'wow, I can't wait to hear it, this song is really a great idea', sort of trip. But the minute it was recorded and everybody was saying it's great, really cool'. But then somebody asked Andy if he was looking forward to Christmas with the parents next year and that's when this realisation began to dawn on him that his mother will never understand.

"I wrote "Miss Gradenko", and I suppose you could say it's about love in the Eastern bloc. Not so much a place like Poland but more of an Orwellian type of world where in the office, there's no such thing as romance or feelings. These office workers fall in love — unfortunately for them, because it's dangerous. Acid indignation stuff!

"Synchronicity II shows there's two different songs, two different ways of expressing the same idea about synchronicity. And it's two things that are happening simultaneously — the businessman with the road of his cornflakes in the morning and a Loch Ness monster crawling out of the slime. It should be obvious for anyone to see the relationship between these two things.

"Side two begins with "Every Breath You Take", which was obvious right from the start. Usually we just record the songs and work on them and at the end of the day, we look back and see what might turn out to be a single. Most of them are pretty obvious, but we don't think about that at the time. Sting wrote this tune one night in Jamaica while he was on holidays.

"King Of Pain" took a lot of recording and a lot of our usual studio activity. There was a lot of scissor work involved, but that's what we do on all of our tracks but this one was particularly serious . . . we did a lot of production stuff on it. We're very clever with the scissors; it's something that we've sort of developed along the way.

"I worry sometimes that when I talk about scissor work, it might seem that we're cheating in the studio or something but that just never occurs to us. Our attitude is that we're making a record and we want to make it as good as we can by any means possible. If people sometimes wonder if we can do it on stage, of course all they have to do is come to a concert and find out.

"There are a lot of groups that *can't* pull it off on stage when they can in the studio and that's fine because if you're making a record, you're making a record. That's all there is to it. But some groups are good at both.

"Wrapped Around Your Fingers" was just straight the way we played it. We went back and forth on a lot of different rhythms and tempos on that, and then it became just another old Police song, bound to be a hit. It happens to be a good one I think, and a workaday Police hit!

"Tea In The Sahara" is another song that was very quickly arrived at. It was one tht we did just bang out . . . we learned the tune, figured it out and put it down late one night. It was a very cool one."

I get the feeling that The Police is moving into a new period of its existence — *Synchronicity* is the fifth album, you've done several SRO tours around the world, and the band's position as an established entity has been more than consolidated. Do you feel a new career period dawning?

"That's right, it does feel like we're entering into a new era — we're not the new boys anymore. It's no surprise to anybody that we're at the top of the charts. The only way we can surprise people now is just by getting better and better and that's what we're trying to do. I do think we're getting better at using the studio to get the sound we want.

"It's all just coming along. We all have our various areas of special interest in the group. Broadly defined, I suppose that comes down to Andy harmony, Sting melody and myself rhythm. But of course, we cross each other's territory all the time, and that's the way a band works.

Synchronicity with Ritchie Yorke in Toronto

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OVERCOMING THE TRASH EQUATION

We're Not All That Gonzo, Insist Adelaide's SPITFIRES

By Christie Eliezer

First Way Of Starting A Story — The Setting:

Somewhere in a Melbourne entertainment complex called the Jam Factory, a tall, young, photogenic man with short back'n'sides and the hint of a bouffant was trying to be heard over the incessant din of space machines and pool tables.

A few hours before, at about 7am, the bus from Adelaide had spewed out the Spitfires at the depot, leaving them to stagger off to find their hotel somewhere in the heart of the city and catch up on sleep.

Jeff Stephens, as guitarist, co-vocalist and main songwriter, was unceremoniously drop-kicked out of bed as the sacrificial lamb: he'd have to stay awake for the *Juke* interview. So he blearily wandered around the shops before the set time.

Later that night, the Spitfires would make their Melbourne debut at the Club, following it up with another night at the Venetian Room.

By the time they returned to Adelaide, the Spitfires would have delightedly realised that kids in punterland in Sydney and Melbourne were capable of digging their rockabilly-pop/trash equation without feeling self conscious or arty.

Adelaide's a small town.

Second Way To Start A Story — The Background

At first there was a band called Firm Grip (Jeff Stephens, singer/lyricist Ted Kelly, drummer Andrew Travers).

There were the Dagos, a frequently shifting institution in Adelaide that finally gave up the ghost a year or two ago.

The Hares were another band the local industry got excited about for a short period of time before finding another This Week's Hope For The Future (bassist Ric Gacs).

Numerous insubstantial local dance bands (guitarist Greg Ryan).

"Our first ever rehearsal was at our drummer's house", remembers Stephens. "It was a very hot day, it felt like it was 150°. We just jammed on some of the warhorses, those old Chuck Berry things. We didn't even have a full time bassplayer at the time, just a friend standing in.

"But it was good, we were all really pleased because there was obviously something there that we knew could grow into something good. What Ted and I had in mind when we put the band together is roughly how the band's turned out, although of course it's still early days yet. We're only about two years old."

"Rock'n'roll is celebratory music, not a dirge like drone by anger-ridden pimple faced young men".

Kelley blustered forth that line in one of the first interviews that the Spitfires did, in the Adelaide *Advertiser*. This sneering antagonism towards grim-faced artiness once led to a punch-up onstage with the arty Speedboat!

The roots of the band lie not only in the original '50s pioneers like Berry and Eddie Cochran but their updates like Flamin' Groovies, Robert Gordon, Creedence Clearwater Revival, the Cramps, Ron Loney & the Phantom Movers and Dave Edmunds, with a bit of Easybeats and Sex Pistols thrown in for a good measure.

Despite being stylistically at odds with the dominant Adelaide trends — if it wasn't the humourless Joy Division clones that the band was determined to demystify, there was the older, less relevant school of middle of the road punkoids and camp '60s pastiches — the Spitfires popularised the concept of modern rockabilly in Adelaide.

Onstage, their genuine affection for the style and flash of '50s rockola and the emphasis they placed on conveying (or at least, tried to) the wild and raw spitit of the original rock and rollers quickly established a following for them around town. More important, their stance was hardly clouded by the sharpness of their lyrics: lyricist Keely's long time obsession with comic books, Z-grade horror movies (faves listed include *Creature From The Black Lagoon* and *Earth Vs The Flying Saucers)* and TV cartoons surfaced in the songs.

Interspersed with the covers are their originals ("we're not prolific writers") like "Rumble In The Jungle", "I'm In Love With A Vampire", "One Way Train", "Bad Luck Boogie" etc.

There was an element of the trash and psychobilly in the music that appealed to the Sydney sensibility. Some of the critics were interested; so too was historian and trash enthusiast Glenn A. Baker who signed them up to his Rivet Records.

Within months, "I Was A Teenage Teenager" and the current follow-up "Rumble In The Jungle" were being played heavily by FM radios along the East Coast although at the time of writing, AM stations remain cautious.

During their Melbourne visit the Spitfires were caught in the middle of the fingernail-biting period all acts go through after a record is released. Which radio programmers have refused to play it, and can the ones who're dithering about making a commitment be persuaded to change their minds? Which journalist in which paper is going to review the record or do the story? And are we going to be caught up in the long time battle between the TV rock shows as to which get the film clip first?

"I heard Ian Meldrum didn't like the clip much", says Stephens gloomily at this setback to national exposure through a viewing audience of an estimated two million.

"But I'm not sure how the clip will stand. It was made on budget, about $1500; certainly no dry ice and hairdressers like the Duran Duran extravaganzas."

Third Way To Start A Story — Confrontation.

"I hate this psychobilly tag, I really do. There's a small element in the music but it's being blown out of proportion. The record company biog is making out that we're this really psycho loony band which is not true at all.

"Maybe it's the aspect that turns on the record company which is fine by them, but I'm not sure to what extent that reflects the band's interests. A lot of the Sydney reviewers seem to come with that misconception; somebody described us as a humourous version of the Cramps, which is about the stupidest thing I've ever read because although we love the Cramps, we're nothing like them."

What are the Spitfires trying to achieve through their music?

"We're not trying to recreate the spirit of original rock, we play it because we love it. I really got into music through the Beatles but the first record I can remember listening to was *Chuck Berry's Greatest Hits*. We're not trying to recreate the '50s or anything like that: once you self-consciously try to do that, I think you're stuffed anyway.

"What I love about it is the energy, that magical thing which got me hooked. I had it when I heard Berry, I heard it when I listened to "Anarchy In The UK" and then again when Bruce Springsteen did 'Badlands', that's the essence we're trying to capture. Rockabilly has as much raw energy as punk but it all goes back to the same thing: that's why I see Spitfires as a rock and roll band, rather than a rockabilly band."

So who's the better Chuck Berry rip-off: Dave Edmunds or Keith Richards?

"Oh Dave Edmunds, he's much more technical. I heard a bootleg of Richards jamming with Rockpile in New York and he must have been absolutely out of it — the playing was shocking, so hamfisted . . . "

That was the night old Keef got off his Canadian drug bust and was no doubt celebration with a drink or ten.

"Oh, well, that explains everything! Edmunds is also more country the Spitfires have a strong streak of Hank Williams too."

WHEN THE WHIP COMES DOWN . . .

. . . You'll Find The SUNNYBOYS All Tied Up

By Alan Ward in Sydney

That's the rust of the Australian republic down there, pushed and pushing against the stage, uncomfortably sweating yet exhiliratingly punching the air with their fists.

If this had been one of the under-18s shows that the Sunnyboys are proud to admit they like playing at, there'd probably be "we want Jehrah-mi" chants in unison. The more adventurous would scale the stage like white ants; a quick totter, a triumphant wave to the crowd, then the abrupt jar of being heaved off the stage by security. Glory bound.

But this is Blondies, one of the newly opened gigs out in Sydney's suburbs, where the kids are older and less prone to pinup daydreams. Nevertheless the level of excitement and near-hysteria is the same. Shiny eyes are almost reverential as the spotlight cuts to Jeremy Oxley somewhere at the end of the set . . .

Show me some discipline.

Knuckles curl in suspense.

"SHOW ME SOME DISCIPLINE!"

This delving into sado-machosm is hardly new in rock's sleazy white underbelly, but the Sunnyboys are hardly of the Iggy Jones/Tubes school of tortured yowls . . . aren't they? Remember all the cliches about the Sunnies being happy go lucky fun lovers, sunny smiles, wot me worry . . .

"It's not meant to be a sexual song" an amused Peter Oxley says slyly, seated in a room in the offices of his new management, watching the Sydney peak hour traffic snarl its way a few storeys below.

"Jeremy wrote it so you'd have to speak to him to find out what was on his mind, but the way I see it, it's a song about respect."

Uh, R-E-S-P-E-C-T?

"Yeah, but you can read whatever you want in it" he concluded bursting into laughter.

In an industry where honesty is tantamount to stupidity, and naivety suicidal, the Sunnyboys have virtually done everything wrong. They've refused to be marketed as pinup boys, they've refused to deny that their music has its sentimental and romantic aspects and, heavens, they've even suggested that playing their music every night was an exhilirating feeling rather than some sort of shattering primal therapy.

The Sydney rock press acclaimed as darlings; and then when they broke through into the national limelight, withdrew its support and found new heroes. What's more, it started putting the boot into the Sunnies for virtually the same reasons as the initial acclaim.

The band's always had a casual reaction to criticism, basically focussing it down to black 'n' white: if you like the music, fine. If you don't, that's fine too. Just don't deny people the right to appreciate it.

Oxley's equally as irritated with their "sunny smiles" tag.

"That's such a misnomer about us" he becomes heated. "People just take things at face value. They see that our name is Sunnyboys and that our first single was 'Happy Man' and straight away we've got this stupid f---ing image. I wonder, will they still keep asking us this when we're 26?

"I mean, we enjoy ourselves and we do like to be happy, but we're also a band that takes it all very seriously. We're not 100% happy all the time, but we're not bitter or twisted . . ."

He relents . . . "Well, we're twisted, but not bitter (laughs). Anyway, we enjoy the fact that we're helping people to enjoy themselves to get what they can out of life."

A homeless kid who's been denied the dole might call it "false fun", wouldn't he/she?

"Well, I'm having fun."

It still doesn't answer the question.

"Yes, it does. The answer is, the fun is not false to me, full stop."

For much of 1983, the Sunnboys have been out gigging but have remained low profile where the media was concerned. This is probably the first interview with the major rock press that the band has conducted in quite some time. What was wrong — had they been smarting enough from the music press'shidery to do a Kilbey/Reyne wimp out?

"Naaah, nothing like that. We merely had nothing to say at the time. There's nothing worse than reading an interview by someone who has nothing to say.

"At least now we've got a single out and we've gone through all these changes, so maybe there's something to talk about."

Did the band enjoy interviews or did they grudgingly see them as a necessary evil?

"We don't mind doing them. They're just a bit dodgy when there is no direction to them."

Much later he'll tell me that the one thing he's apprehensive about talking to the press is that something he says can quite innocently read differently, insinuating other things and making him look something of a prat.

CHANGED

There have been important changes going on in the back scenes of the Sunnyboys' camp, no doubt incentivated by the poor showing of their second LP.

The band has split from long time producer Lobby Lloyd and the SCAM management company. About a month ago they signed with tough punching veteran band-keeper Michael Chugg, aware that his contacts with booking agents and their record company Mushroom would give them a bigger clout.

At the same time, the new single "Show Me Some Discipline" was produced by Chris Gilbey, who's worked with Ignatius Jones and Church, and introduced them to a new way of recording (more on that later).

"We needed to take a good long look at ourselves. Things had moved very quickly for us and we had to get serious about it all. I mean, the band's only two years old and already it had two albums under its belt. Although we have always had a strong control over our affairs, we soon realised that we were doing things without necessarily knowing WHY we were doing them.

"I mean, this is not meant to sound as if there was something traumatic going on or anything, because everything did flow along. But after two albums, you really have to take a serious look at what you're doing instead of rushing headlong into everything.

"After all, the music business is a BUSINESS and it's easy to lose it. Given the position where the band had reached, we needed to go professional."

The change is marked in the approach to the single: Gilbey's brought the bass right up and Jeremy delivers one of his most convincing vocals to date.

"It is a great mix, isn't it?" Oxley rattles off cheerfully. "Chris has a very different approach to Lob's. Lobby liked to capture the spontaneity of it all, so we'd go into the studio and all play, and everything would be captured that way. But with Chris, he'd record everything separately.

"Even for the drums — he'd separate the snare and the tom toms and overall you get a brand new level in the sounds. I think the single sounds absolutely great!"

Do you believe in the Sunnyboys?

The bassplayer, short haired with his locks pushed away from his forehead, seems quite believable to me. He's not quite drunk on the aches and pains of fame, although you could say he was noticeably tipsy on the frictions and salvations of fortune. There is nothing unnerving about Oxley or his cohorts. There are not enough myths created about him (nor will there ever be; they're too ordinary a band) for the unattached observer to feel subdued of deal shock vibrations.

Oxley, away from the songs, the hit making process or the glamour of the stage, is particularly average-seeming.

"I'm just an ordinary human being, we all are. We never claim to be more."

What sort of car did he drive?

"I don't have one. I've got a licence but it'd be mad to have a car when you live in the city — I share a flat with some other people in Darlinghurst — because you'd end up paying a fortune in parking tickets. I'd rather take a cab wherever I go."

So how much did he live and breathe Sunnyboys? Did he have any other commitments?

"Sunnyboys virtually takes up 100% of my time. I can't talk for the other guys, but I think it's just the same with them, too. If they didn't, they'd leave. You have to be committed in this caper or else you might forget it. There's so much competition in pop music that when you want to try something different or very much your own, then you have to be prepared for a good slog. You have to be strong, and you have to be strong together."

ACHIEVEMENTS

What did he think the Sunnyboys have achieved?

"We've made a lot of people happy, we've earned a certain amount of respect from people because we've stuck to what we believe in, we've remained the same lineup and we don't go around putting shit on other people. In this business, you earn respect for sticking it out and not freaking out.

"We don't play pop stars with anybody, and we don't put on airs with people who follow the band when we talk to them. We started up a fan club which is destined . . . it was started by two people who really wanted to do it, and it's not set up as a star/audience syndrome. It's meant to be a personal and equal thing. The club hasn't been advertised yet, and already eighty people have joined.

"And we've created a following that's into the band regardless of where our records are in the charts. It's been a while since we had a record in the charts and we haven't toured heavily; the crowds have slacked off a little but that hardcore following is there, which is great.

"And the nice thing is that, it doesn't occur in Sydney only, it's all around the country. We've been back in Melbourne three times since last year and we've sold out each time. It's always healthy to have a consistent following like that".

Now the time has come for the band to seek new audiences over the seas. After its Sydney dates, the band is shooting through the country — a gig in Melbourne at the Venue this week, another at Adelaide's Thebarton Town Hall and a final series of shows in Perth — before heading off to Europe.

"We'll hopefully record our next album in London, it depends on whether we find the right producer and the right studio. We also want to play some shows over there, go on before new audiences.

"Also, we've never had any of our records released overseas so rather than send our records over, the record company people come and see us and decide for themselves. I'm really looking forward to getting over there."

Didn't I hear a whisper about a German tour too?

"That's still being set up. If that goes through we'll be doing six weeks in the clubs there."

If things go acording to plan, the Sunnyboys will return to these shores by November.

★ ★ ★

Instant Replay: take a closer listen to "Show Me Some Discipline". A song about the seamier side of Kings Cross? Not really.

You wanted this, you wanted that
You needed this, you need that
I wanted you, I needed you
You wanted me, but you needed more
Show me some discipline
And I'll show you mine.

Like the man said, it's a song about respect. As in a love song.

Choirboys

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THE PRIVATE SCHULZE

KLAUS SCHULZE reveals his Audentity to Dave Henderson

The history of Klaus Schulze is like recounting *The Prince And The Pauper.* In his native Germany his albums sell by the flight case and his tours are sold out, but here in Australia there are merely a faithful few who recently rushed out to buy his latest LP on import, and insert it systematically next to his 14 previous releases.

Being a virtual newcomer to his stylised synthesiser symphonies *Audentity* was much as I'd expected — pleasant and relaxing soundtracks that humbly blended into the background due to their length.

His misfortunes in England have seen him on Virgin and Island in the past and more recently with DJM. Leaving *that* hallowed home of indecision in January Schulze, with the help of several allies, decided to extend his home based Innovative Communications label to Japan, America, Australia and the UK and through the hardy independent Illuminated Records a shortened and more immediate *Audentity* appeared a few months ago.

To support this new vinyl activity Schulze did a handful of concerts in England — his first tour for five years — and in a brief chat he talked about the continual success he has managed to build upon around the world and why the UK had, in recent years, seemed a difficult launching pad for him.

Fashion and fads seem to be the reason. In a country stuck in an ongoing search for new directions and new heroes to immortalise, Schulze's repetitive and regular approach to music is without question a *safe* alternative.

"I'm really against trying to do an electronic hit like Jean Michel Jarre did. I could never do that, you have to play what you trust, what you believe in. The radio stations can't play my records because they'd have to play it for 20 minutes, and even when they do they fade it out after ten."

Schulze's popularity has grown by word of mouth and a healthy quota of live appearances abroad. As he slurps his Scotch and pulls on his umpteenth cigarette his relaxed air gives away his approach to rock and its traditional trappings. Time has made him an experienced performer — both live and in living out the professional musician stance — who is intent on continuing his practised progress.

"Gary Numan came up and died away and others have done the same. I'm still doing a tour with 120 concerts, and promoters just wouldn't book you if they didn't think you'd make them any money."

But the continuing cycle of performing and recording without, realistically, breaking any new ground must get tedious at times.

"People may have thought I was an idiot after a couple of years but after ten they think, how can he be ten years crazy?"

"John Peel used to play Tangerine Dream and the early Schulze stuff but he only plays demo tapes now because he doesn't like the technical perfection. It's the people I've reached through the concerts who matter, they've passed on the message and now there's a solid following.

"Because I never changed and tried to go commercial they believe in me, they trust me. People just feel that there's something behind it, even if they don't know what it is."

That much is undoubtedly true. The gaggle of friends, associates and admirers who came in and out of the interview room seemed totally in awe of this amiable, quiet and understated synthesist.

But Schulze's knowledge of electronics and computers has resulted in much more than just his own work and for me it's in that department that his skills have been most widely used to success.

His label, IC, has been the home of a fine array of German acts of varying styles. Ideal, whose LP sold 630,000, Din A Testbild, a more immediate and modern synth outfit, and Richard Wahnfried show the competence of his performance behind the desk and as a wandering ear for new talent.

Early non-performing jobs have been successful too

"I helped Giorgio Meroder to record Donna Summer's 'Love To Love You Baby' and we did it in a bathroom because we needed to use the reverb. That was really just trying to do something different.

"In a way it might have influenced the second generation of synth pop but those people are really more related to Kraftwerk, they *really* set the trend. Now people are aware of the technology I used to use they aren't afriad of it anymore. They realise the synths and computers are just instruments and they are still musicians. In a way that gives me access to them because they no longer see me as a scientist.

"I still can't understand their music though. I worked with Thomas Dolby recently and I immediately knew the sounds he was using but I could never do it myself because I feel different. It's a different feeling and you can't change from black to white overnight. Mine is a different education, a different background."

With the acceptance and availability in the UK of a new wave of German bands — Einsturzende Neubauten, Malaria, X Mal Deutschland, Die Todiche Doris, Die Haut and so on — how does Schulze feel about them beginning to make a name for themselves over here while he has only succeeded on a very small scale?

"In Germany people used to just copy the American and English bands, which was alright for a while, but they couldn't follow it up. Now the charts are full of just American and English bands again.

"There are a few bands around I would have loved to have signed. I did want to work with Einsturzende Neubauten but they were too chaotic and you can't really work with them professionally. I think they will disappear, because they are like children somehow.

"A lot of bands come and have really big success then they disappear just as quickly. It's just a fast thing, like McDonalds.

I have a little more faith in the likes of Neubauten than Klaus does, but if these bands do disappear one thing's for sure, Klaus Schulze will still bring out LP number 16 next year, and so on for quite some time to come.

Tales Of Ordinary Madness

Robbi Millar Cells Out To IRON MAIDEN as They Launch Themselves Into Their Next World Tour

"Together, we will take on all the world" — Judas Priest.
"One day you sort of look outside and you suddenly notice: Hang on, there's 10,000 people out there! It wasn't like this last week" — Bruce Dickinson.

At least it was appropriate. New York, Sydney, Paris, Tokyo, Honolulu — over the past few years, Iron Maiden's tour schedule has read like an Onassis holiday snapshot album — and I end up in Leicester, shoe capital of the UK: What better place to 'die with your boots on'?

Only Iron Maiden don't die, certainly not on stage. The De Montford Hall is more dehydrated than a truckload of pot noodles, its contents shedding garments faster than a Revue Bar stripper — But peering through the clouds of acrid steam, all eyes are straining towards the stark MFI-style chrome 'n' white decor that dominates the stage.

And then the giant triangular lighting flashes into life and those familiar figures loom into view. The roar of approval would awaken the TV AM team (or even the dead).

Iron Maiden have always fought for their fans — even down to helping stem the scourge of the merchandising pirates et al — but their 1983 Piece Of Mind tour sets new standards in the value-for-money stakes. For over two hours, Messers Dickinson, Harris, Murray, Smith 'n' McBrain bombard the braincells with material plucked from every album, never flagging under the debilitating heat.

And, though the crowd bay for those 'Run To The Hills'/'22 Acacia Avenue'/'Iron Maiden' favourites, it's the new songs that (perhaps surprisingly) impress the most.

Intro-ing with the mighty 'Where Eagles Dare' and moving through the majority of the 'Piece Of Mind' elpee, it's difficult to ignore the sheer *calibre* of these songs. On vinyl, they take some listening to, it's true, but slotted into a live setting, numbers such as 'Trooper' and 'Still Life' take on new power, exploding with colour and fresh style.

It's a new maturity, a coming-of-age. The guitarwork in particular — note Dave Murray's haunting touches to the 'Hallowed'-style epic, 'To Tame A Land' — sparkles and shines and, of course, there's no doubting the force and range of Bruce's voice or, for that matter, Nicko McBrian's ability in filling Clive Burr's drum stool.

Iron Maiden's performance is the sort of exhausting show that demands to be seen rather than written about, but look out for these moments of note: The insistent beat of 'Revelations', transformed into a powerhouse on stage and featuring the first hesitant Dickinson guitar contribution; the ever effervescent 'Run To The Hills'; a hushed appreciation of 'To Tame A Land' before 'Drifter' raises the roof.

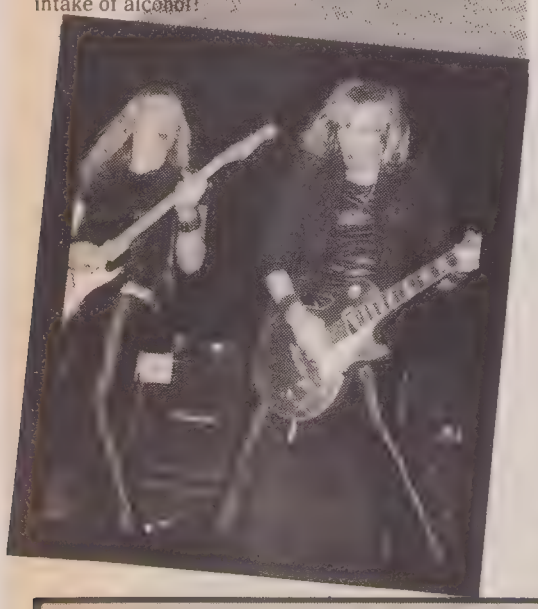
And Eddie. Prepare yourselves for this one, having been content to allow his 'signature' to loom behind the drum-riser for most of the night, the infamous one chooses 'Prowler, in which to make his entrance.

Towering over the fearless Maidenmen, his lobotomised head almost brushing the lights, he struggles frantically before finally releasing his straight jacketed limbs, almost blinding the unfortunate Ade in the process and topping even the cowering camera-handed Halfin in the all-out, mind-numbing gargoyle stakes. Now how could that be a mechanical monster?

SHINING

With their success stretching from the West Coast to the eastern Antipodes, you might think that all was shining bright on the Maiden front . . . but there are a few clouds cluttering the horizon.

Manager Rod Smallwood, for example, is as 'thrifty' as ever, generously standing excessive rounds of drinks for his companions and then 'forgetting' his wallet, leaving the long-suffering Steve Harris to clear the debts. Nicko, meanwhile, insists on accosting any passing life-form with the sort of 'jokes' that even Bernard Manning would think twice about telling while, most worrying of all, Dave and Adrian's trusty alter-agos (remember Melvin?) appear to have stayed at home, with the axe duo claiming 'health reasons' for their distressingly low intake of alcohol!



Seriously though, with *Number Of The Beast* selling one and a half million copies to back up the band's amazing worldwide reception, don't Iron Maiden wonder what'll happen next? Aren't they waiting in trepidation for something to go wrong? It is with these — and several more — questions that I call Bruce Dickinson from his nightly steam bath and into the much more comfortable surroundings of the hotel bar.

"We have tried to put a foot wrong," explains Bruce. "After every album, we've turned around and said 'Well, maybe everyone'll call us pricks after this one'! But I think there's a simple rule: If you go out and do good gigs, putting everything into them, and if you put lots of thought and time into your albums and see that everything to do with the band is done properly, then you've done all that you can do.

"The only way the luck comes into it is with either supreme bad luck, or else it's something you bring on yourselves with people turning into cocaine freaks or whatever, screwing up their career and the fans."

Piece Of Mind is the album that has to do as well as, if not better than, *Beast*' it's also the first album that Bruce has been legitimately able to write for — he solved the legal hasles by buying up the publishing rights to Samson and a compilation of mostly unreleased Samson material is in the pipeline — and it came together in Jersey (the band can, for tax reasons, spend only a small amount of time in Britain at the moment) and Nassau, that traditional bloated megastars' bucket 'n' spade haven. But it wasn't all "sunning our bums" for Maiden, says Bruce.

"Actually, it was easier to work in Nassau; there was nothing else to do except go out and get pissed. Because there weren't any outside pressures and because it was so relaxing, when you went into the studio you were able to click into the music immediately.

"And the sound at that studio is what it's cracked up to be; it might not look much but it is an amazing sound."

As with their previous two LPs, Maiden once again used Martin Birch as producer and his contributions, along with the "phenomenal" guitar playing, are much rated by Bruce.

"It's a very live sounding album, the best sound that Maiden have had, and I think a lot of that's down to Martin having plenty of time with us. Last year, he was so overworked — doing Black Sabbath, MSG, Whitesnake, Blue Oyster Cult, all in a short space of time — that this year we made a condition with his manager that he didn't do anything for a couple of months both before and after our album so that he could devote himself entirely to the project."

Although the Nassau suntans haven't yet faded, the band (says Bruce) are already "plotting and thinking about the next album"; a productivity rate that seems worlds away from the rather dry *'Killers'* era:

"I think the mood of the band has changed significantly since then. When I arrived, it's fair to say that everyone was a bit down because of the thing with Paul leaving, and no-one knew exactly what was going on, and the Rainbow show wasn't a sell-out: Has Iron Maiden shot its bolt?

"But then everyone got back together and decided 'Sod it! We'll go out and prove them wrong' and we did *'Number Of The Beast'* which was . . . incredibly successful!

"With all the other LPs, I think Steve was under so much pressure because he was writing, he was doing everything. When Adrian and myself came in, we both had slightly different styles of writing but we all write in a way that's quite compatable to the Iron Maiden sound. It's the approach, the attitude that's important."

It's that attitude that has earned Iron Maiden their past three hit 45s in England the most recent being (as you know) 'Flight Of Icarus'.

Nevertheless, 'Icarus' merited a Top Of The Pops slot, one which the band haven't filled. Why's that?

"There was a cock-up. Because the ratio of videos was too high, we couldn't have ours on the programme so they invited us to appear on the 1000th edition — and mime. So we told them to poke it up their arseholes.

Miming looks totally stupid, I couldn't in all conscience do it! And besides, after having said in the beginning that we would never mime on TOTP, to start doing it just to promote a single would be daft."

Two of the most interesting songs on 'Piece Of Mind' are 'Die With Your Boots On' and 'To Tame A Land' and, in a way, it's the former that sees Iron Maiden touching on politics, something that they do well (and perhaps not often enough).

"It's not political in a large sense, but in the sense that I get fed up with reading headlines that say the world's gonna end tomorrow or there'll be this disaster or that food shortage — and everyone's running around in a mass panic. If people had the good sense to sit down and organise themselves then most of the world's problems could be solved overnight."

NUCLEAR

Are those CND sympathies I hear from the mouth of the Iron Maiden camp?

"I don't see how anyone in their right mind can disagree with the good sense in getting rid of nuclear weapons, but it's a big step from saying that to going to the Kremlin and taking all the missiles apart. There are too many political games for that to ever happen.

"The CND are a bit like the Green Party in the German parliament. They've all got long hair and beards and they freak out the rest of the German parties, but if they ever got elected, they'd probably make the most monumental cock-up of everything. They're just great for shaking up the establishment and making people think, and that, I think, is the role of the CND in this country."

'To Tame A Land' is the most adventurous song that the band have so far attempted, matching music to lyrical content in a fascinating way. But it's also the song that's caused the most problems.

Legalities prevent me from naming names but suffice to say the author of the book (check those lyrics) that 'Land' is based on holds HM in such low esteem that he threatened all sorts of problems unless the original title was changed. Even so, this hasn't deterred Iron Maiden from continuing to take much inspiration from literary sources.

Bruce: "Most people's ideas are inspired by something and literature is certainly more interesting than 'the shag you had last night' or whatever, I think people are a bit fed up with reading semi-pornographic lyrics. It's the sort of thing you have to do really well — deliver in a certain way, like Bon Scott did — and we're not that sort of band."

Neither are the Maiden the sort of the band to go through endless image-denting line-up. changes (or at least, you wouldn't think so) but, just prior to the recording of 'Mind', they endured their third when Clive Burr left to 'retire from the music business'. (In fact, he went on to play with Trust, ironical sine Nicko McBain once drummed for the French band.) So was it an amicable parting?

"Oh yes, but Clive had a lot of personal problems which had been going on for some time and, as we toured more and more, they were starting to affect his drumming really badly. It just got to the stage where we couldn't carry on.

"We'd obviously been in contact with Nicko to see if he was contracted to anyone else but, until the decision was made over Clive, nothing happened."

Contrary to rumour, Bruce insists that Nicko is now a bona-fide member of Iron Maiden and not just a session-player: They've had enough of the rumours about Sergeant-Major Harris!

"They've been unfortunate but every line-up change we've had has been necessary, there's no other word for it. And people have been pretty far gone by the time we came to those decisions. But Iron Maiden is not run like a concentration camp! That's complete crap.

"Believe me, we're far more concerned with keeping the band really hot, with keeping the band cooking than we are with how big we're getting. The spirit in the band is amazing."

It's that spirit that'll soon be taking Iron Maiden off on another lengthy American jaunt and thence to Europe, Australia, Japan . . . maybe even Russia and China, almost the only remaining uncharted territory.

But then, there's always the Falklands. This lot are more entertaining than Harry Secombe anyday.

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THE HUMAN FACTOR

Am I alone in thinking it seems like an age since the Human League gained the twin distinctions of having all-electronic records at the top of both the twin distinctions of having all-electronic records at the top of both the album and singles charts in *Australia and England*? In fact it really wasn't that long ago at all, yet today who such an achievement, yet today who bats an eyelid at chart topping records on which the only 'natural' sounds are human voices?

In the year of self-imposed absence prior to the release of 'Mirror Man', the synthesiser unquestionably replaced the guitar as the main instrument in virtually every record that got as far as a sniff of the UK Top 30, and the drum machine, originally conceived as a novelty built into home organs, stepped in to become the unifying source of much the same kind of percussive sound that we hear on practically every type of record today.

The Human League are pleased to take the credit for this. Well, maybe pleased is the wrong word — so fed up with what they viewed as the pretentious, boring, sterile innovations that they took a step backwards, or sideways, if you prefer, and put guitars on their follow up single 'Fascination'.

In the meantime they were working on the album which, after having to wait for over a year due to the group's commitments with producer Martin Rushent and being part of the pub rock 'supergroup' Hot Gossip, was finally released in October. Titled *Dare*, the album was the brainchild of dispute with Virgin Music over publishing royalties.

So while they've not been seen to be a particularly active force in music over the past 18 months or so, it's not because they haven't been busy. But 'Fascination' failed to establish them-selves as Britain's hottest pop property when it crashed out (currently) at number 30, or have they lost the thought to be in October), or have they lost the lead permanently to the likes of Duran Duran and Kajagoogoo.

These and other questions were in my mind as British Rail sped me towards Wednesday home town of Sheffield one summer day in the about since Phil Oakey, Ian Craig Marsh and met up with me in Frankfurt a year-and-a-half previously to check out the latest in electronics at an instrument trade show, and I wondered whether there was very friendship I'd developed with these two very affable and down-to-earth people would have worried; greeted like a long lost pal by Suzanne Sulley, my life in my warmth in her recently acquired flat in the city centre. I was a few minutes drive from the group's own getting a look at the front bedroom which was operations HQ, the enormous mixing desk and dominated by with every conceivable sort of unpacked hardware including Phil's latest toy — a Synclavier computer that boasts more lights than the Close Encounters mothership.

Understanding the neighbours are very understanding about the problems have led me to look around somewhere else to rehearse this scaled-down Wembley.

Its owner-cum-caretaker, Martin Rushent's wife was the first guest at the time and the general consensus was that this rare break in the bad weather should be exploited by everyone piling into her Jaguar and setting off for Derbyshire to know across the border in the Derbyshire hills.

Delight

The drive was punctuated by exclamations of delight from Joanne and Suzanne as we sped past sheep ambling about various places where and by Phil pointing out various pl he'd crashed his motorbike.

The pub had been ripped straight out of lebrity when we saw one (me, I mean a private eye of the jukebox selection the strains of through, barely audible b filtered exclaim:

"Oh my God — ABC, Durar Japan — that's all I need to come pub to listen to!"

"I think this is great, this one, dreamily, as "Second That Emotion through I should it."

"You" reasoned Suzanne, music interested in them any more, because pop music is distinctly ironic music as distinctly ironic music as you agree with that?"

Phil: "It's been talking to Jo a lot over the past few by groups like Duran Duran. presentable." Or what about portraying like Studio and Yazoo. Drink, take drugs, have as though all they do is drink, take drugs, have mad orgies and everything. Us, we don't anything like that. After a concert we'll all have a couple of glasses of wine then we'll all go to bed."

Phil: "When we go to Air Studios, I load all the equipment in the lift and get it out again."

Joanne: "It is true. Phillip and I do."

Phil: "Right, we agree with that."

Joanne: "Next question! Phillip, how do you feel about it?"

Phil: "Oh, er . . . but how do you feel about it?"

Joanne: "Well somebody's got to do it. But now it's business. Outrageous for get-ting the Ballet, you could certainly take home Spandau mum and dad . . ."

Joanne: "Man at C&A . . ."

Phil: "Man at C&A, apart from that guy that live *Top Of The Pops*, who was dressed as a in the Thompson Twins who was dressed as a policeman's uniform, all the groups had suits on. It's horrible, really tatty . . ."

Joanne: "I didn't look tatty . . ."

Phil: "I went on looking really tatty . . ."

So what would have been the thinking behind Suzanne: "Mirror Man had so much of the 60s about it?

Phil: "Yeah, it had too much of it. I'm glad we got it out of the way, frankly — we wouldn't like it. I didn't like it — I wouldn't have put it out."

I liked it but didn't seem like a progression

— It wasn't, what I expected but it was a big change. All that stuff would never have been something that would. If we'd put that out pected of us a year ago. What — what's this?"

Bowie's taking that line but it doesn't sound like it. In the interviews he talks about sound like Stylophone and Grandmaster Flash.

Suzanne: "I think *Let's Dance* is the best album he's ever made. I think it's wonderful. I really like it."

Phil: "Sue's the first modern binary person I imagine you anticipated 'Mirror Man' would get to Number One didn't you?

Joanne: "We anticipated that *everything's* gonna get to Number One . . ."

Phil: "Oh no. I didn't think 'Fascination' would get to Number One. I thought it would do the week when it was Number Two."

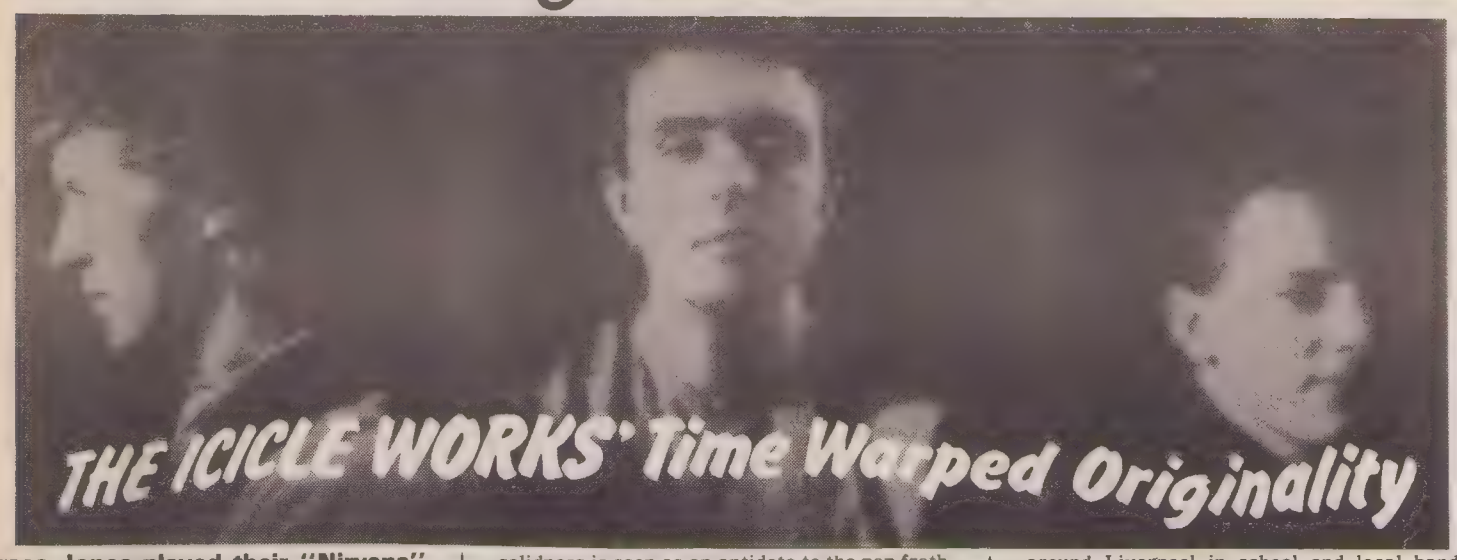
Joanne: "Oh."

Phil: "When we'd finished mixing 'Mirror Man' we decided on the basis of that to put the album out and that it could come out at the same time as the singles, but we didn't get it — back a long time to Number One. 'Don't You Want Me' and roar up to Number One.

"And then as the weeks approached to the release and we listened it more and more, I think we got bored with it more and more and more. I think we got bored with it more and more and more, I think we got bored with it more and more and more, I think we got bored with it more and more and more,

London calling

with JILLIAN HUGHES.



Grace Jones played their "Nirvana" single while she was guest-Dj'ing on Radio One and commented "one of the most refreshing things I've ever heard to come out of Britain for years".

In Britain they're talking about Icicle Works' originality and idealism, but there are shades of *deja vu* about it all. "Nirvana" recollects all those elements of instant just-add-water Eastern mysticism and freely speaks of God and love.

Their posters could have had the dust blown off them and pulled out from the 1967 summer of love; you'd almost imagine the other bands that play with them to be Pink Floyd (with Syd Barrett) Soft Machine down at the psychedelic freakouts at the UFO club.

Hippy images and ideals abound; and Neil Young is cited as a guiding light and profound influence. They formed their own record label and called it Troll Kitchen, inspired we are reverently informed, by the old Doors song "Soul Kitchen."

In their official photos, one of them even wears a mini kaftan and beads!!

Icicle Works, the latest Big Thing from Liverpool, are adamant that they are original. The whole aspect of their music is to sound like nothing else before, they insist.

Led by Ian McNab, who writes 90% of the material, sings, and plays guitar and keyboards, the trio — the others are Chris Layhe who doubles on bass and percussion and Chris Sharrock who plays drums — create powerful melodies and a rare instrumental precision which has made them one of the most compelling live acts around. In a way, their solidness is seen as an antidote to the pop froth of the KajaGooGoos and Haircut One Hundreds.

"We're not an avant garde band by any means, but we want to make a powerful sort of pop music that does not sound like anything that's gone before. That is our main criteria in whatever we do. We don't want to sound like anyone else; in fact we get depressed if anyone tells us that a single riff that we've played sounds like a record they've heard before!

"We are our worst critics. We come up with some good songs in our rehearsals, but if there's even a suggestion of resemblance to another song, then they are immediately dropped. Our friends who hear these songs are stunned because they insist those are songs that could be hits, but we find it's too high a price to pay. Originality is the only thing worth."

Normally a spiel like this can be dismissed in two quick farts, but Icicle Works are . . . well, working. Without any marketing, or promotion they've built up a following. The music press has been kind (even if a bit sneering about the hippie overtones) and Radio One has asked them back a number of times to play live shows.

"We come from Liverpool — a tag like that is both good and bad. Ever since the Beatles, and then again with the Echo & Bunnymen and Teardrop Explodes and Wah!, there's always been this thing about the city. As a result a lot of rubbishy bands get away with it, but at the same time there are some very good bands coming out of Liverpool.

"You mark my words, they'll make their presence felt — bands like The Lotus Eaters, Come In Tokyo, Black, Immaterial . . ."

Individually the three have been stumbling around Liverpool in school and local bands. They came together about 18 months ago through advertisements in the Liverpool music press and rapidly developed a cohesive sound.

"We have — and always had had — a strong sense of our worth. From the very start, we knew we had that blend which could make it into the Top 40. But so what? There've been a lot of good bands that have got into the charts. Some of them are out driving taxis now. No, we went for the original sound."

I tell them that their thirst for popular acclaim is too obvious not to put up with all this "originality at all cost" routine. McNab laughs, and says he hopes he doesn't come too heavily.

"We all like being in pop bands, but we DO think we should be different. The music business is very fickle and superficial. In fact, most of the interest that's come from the media has not been so much the quality of the music but the hippie angle, and the fact that our first single was a Buddhist term for complete happiness.

"I can only stress we are not avant garde. We do want to reach the people. But we want the people to appreciate our offbeat arrangements and rhythms."

Onstage, Icicle works bring out real trees, grass and an elaborate cobweb made by a fan. Good grief, some sort of tribute to Mother Nature?

They tell journalists that originally they wanted to create an entire swamp onstage, performing *Lord Of The Rings* barefoot in the mud.

Although the band is not signed to a major label (CBS was interested but they alienated themselves from its managing director; they refused to play a special London gig for him to see them and then Icicle Works got huffy when he turned up at one of their rehearsals) they do have enough friends among the majors.

One of them is Phonogram's A&R man Jeff Chegwin who teamed Icicle Works with Hugh Jones, the man responsible for producing both Teardrops and the Bunnymen.

He has just produced the band's next single, "Birds Fly (Whisper To A Scream"), which is being scheduled for a release this week on the Situation 2 label through Beggars Banquet.

★ ★ ★

After three years of haggling with English immigrations (specifically about his past drug busts) Neville Staples of Fun Boy Three has at last become an English citizen.

★ ★ ★

Former Vice Squad frontperson Becki Bondage has started gigging around London with her new band Ligotage, a name associated with bondage. Those in the band include drummer Steve Roberts (ex-UK Subs) bassist Linc (ex-Chelsea) and a newcomer on guitar who calls himself Momo Sex. Bondage says that it's very punk — but "more like the Pistols end of punk than the Discharge end".

★ ★ ★

Bowie mania is at its peak right now. What better proof than the usual forged tickets hitting the streets, making the promoter's work even more harassing than usual. And what better proof than a spate of books being rushed out to cash in. One is entitled *David Bowie — The Pitt Report* by one Kenneth Pitt who, we are assured by publishers Design Music, was manager and good friend of El Zig between 1966 and 1970.

★ ★ ★

While Gang of Four are currently in Miami remixing their forthcoming LP and being managed by Frank Zappa's keeper Bennett Glotzer, their old drummer Hugo Burnham (who was sacked at the end of March) has been whining away to *Melody Maker* about the way he was pushed out of the band — particularly after six years of hard work in a band that he thought was his family, blah blah blah.

"The way we were working, my responsibility was for the management and running of things. And I think a divergence of attitudes slowly grew between the ideology and reality of running a band.

"I asked if I could stay on as a paid-to-play member but that wasn't on. I also asked if I could be on the next album. That would mean a lot to me, but that wasn't on either."

Burnham said that after the sacking, he went off to America to look for work. He played a couple of dates with Nina Hagen and could possibly be on a European and U.S. tour with her later in the year, and there are some sessions planned with L.A. new wavers Romeo Void.

Jive talking

with SIMON OSKAR.

In yet another change of label, and producer, that inimitable disco lady Donna Summer has found herself a new recording stable — at least for the time being.

Ms. Summer you may recall, left Casablanca Records three years ago for the newly established independent label, Geffen Records. Along with her went a load of big names, including the late John Lennon.

Her departure from Casablanca marked the end of an era. It was the label which established her as an international identity. But a court case concerning breaches of contract and royalties marked the departure, a case eventually settled out of court.

Now, it seems that court action explains the sudden arrival of Donna Summer back at PolyGram (who own the now-ailing Casablanca label). She has announced her next album, *She Works Hard For The Money*, will be released later this month through PolyGram.

However, the official announcement by the recording company gives no indication that the move is a permanent one. It simply points to her next album being released through PolyGram, not her signing from Geffen.

This album is said to be an obligation LP as part of the original arrangement made between Summer and PolyGram. It also means another producer for the talented singer. This time Martin Omartian takes over from Quincy Jones and Giorgio Moroder and, judging by the strength of the first title single from the LP, Omartian's approach is a return to the rockier, gutsier feel she used on the *Bad Girls* set. That single is released this week.

Donna Summer's much publicised bust-up with Giorgio Moroder (following orders from David Geffen who preferred to use Quincy Jones on her last LP) is obviously past.

She has teamed with him again on the soundtrack of the film *Flashdance* with a track written and produced by Moroder and Peter Bellotte titled 'Romeo'. That single is another rock effort, an obvious indication of where mother-of-two Donna Summer clearly intends to head.

★ ★ ★

Things are not all cool in the Motown stable. Singer and talented cohort of Rick James, Teena Marie, has voiced disapproval with the company management and wants out.

It seems CBS is tipped to sign here and it is not known what effect the move will have on her proposed stage production with James, a project they are both hoping to get off the ground later this year.

★ ★ ★

A new look Village People went on display at a New York disco recently, their first public appearance since returning to their original garb and rejoining with lead singer Victor Willis.

The departure from the new-romantic gear marks a recording renewal with RCA, their next LP due later this year.

★ ★ ★

Raising eyebrows in the import stores at the moment is a remix of the Irene Cara single 'Flashdance' from the movie of the same name.

The extended version was produced by Giorgio Moroder and remixed by New York DJ John Benitez. Benitez also recently remixed the new Carol Douglas effort 'Gotcha Where I Wantcha'.

★ ★ ★

Shades of the Jackson Five . . . anyone who has seen the clip from American teenybopper outfit New Edition will notice the striking similarity, visually and vocally, between the two groups.

The voice is there along with the stage presentation. The group's debut single, 'Candy Girl', is already a chart success in the US as an American answer to Musical Youth. It is a pop single which is gaining success locally, especially around the gay clubs.

★ ★ ★

Narada Michael Walden reappears as producer on the new Angela Bofill single 'Too Tough', from her coming LP of the same name.

Released through Arista, this jazz/funk offering will not be released locally in the extended 12" format, something not pleasing DJs and the general public.

★ ★ ★

As the dance craze re-emerges in the States with "that film", a number of former disco giants are flocking back to the studio to record new singles and albums.

Celi Bee is one such example. Her 12" 'I'm Free' is another thumping disco effort, reminiscent of days gone by and her big single from 1978, 'Superman'. Produced by Ray Martinez, disco afficiendos have again flocked to buy this one for its Euro Disco flavour. Try it only if you must.

★ ★ ★

George Benson's new single 'Inside Love' is doing well in the clubs as a 122' single.

Produced by Arif Mardin (best known for his recent work with Aretha Franklin among others) and Kashif, this track is notable not only for its commecial feel, but also the departure of Quincy Jones as Benson's producer.

★ ★ ★

Trivia of the Week . . . Michael Jackson said that if he ever quit singing he would like to become a zookeeper.

It seems his San Fernando Valley property contains much wonderful creatures as sheep, dogs, cats, a fawn, llamas, a boa constrictor and numerous other animals. All receive tender loving care from Michael and singing sister Janet. Wow!

★ ★ ★

Feel like something naughty? Try the new single by a group called Berlin titled 'Sex — I'm A . . .' Among the wonderful expressions to be heard throughout this effort are goddess, bitch, slut, bi-sexual ect. etc.

The synthesised number ends with the phrase 'Oops, I Think We Hit Orgasm!' Nice, isn't it? This somewhat devious effort is appealing to a few. Quite a good dance track however.

★ ★ ★

Composer, and dance producer Boris Midney's new 12" 'D-D-D-Dance' marks his return to the recording scene following a two year absence.

Best remembered for his album *Beautiful Bend* and *Come Into My Heart*, this number is another effort into the world of symphonic dance.

★ ★ ★

Flak is coming from all areas concerning the censor's scissors on the recorded 7" version of Grand Master Flash's single 'The Message'.

For radio purposes a censored 7" version was released, deleting a reference to people urinating. For radio, understandable. Trouble is, complaints came when the 7" single contained the above censor! Word is however, that RCA is eager to release the 7" in its original form as soon as current stock is sold out. Thank you Mr Censor.

• **The Donna Summer Marketing Team — (from left) Michael Omartian her producer, Susan Munao her manager, Art Dalhuisen the boss of her record company, Donna and her husband Bruce Sudano.**

High In The Saddle

by David Dawson

Albert Park prairie dog Keith Glass was slicker than a South Yarra cosmic country picker.

"We don't eat at the Black Cat or Cafe Neon", Glass groaned in his Buckle Bunny Enterprises press release, "and we don't play Kenny Rogers or Redneck Mother (neither does Ray Wylie Hubbard anymore) or "Okie From Muscogee"(ditto Merle Haggard) or any old Sundown stuff (remember our single "This Country Of Mine").

Slim Dusty did.

He recorded Keith's hit for an EP but it still hasn't graced one of Slim's kryptonite albums.

Glass, co-founder of 1973 Oz pioneer progressive cowboy band Sundown, was making a comeback after a three month Nashville sojourn. The Keith and Helena Glass composition, Designer Jeans, had dented the U.S. country charts for Texan saddletramp Glenn Bailey. And now Glass, whose tune "Spas And Bars (Getting Fit Is Killing Me)" has also been recorded in the US, was ready to again ride the indoor prairies.

With impeccable taste the Keith Glass Honky Tonk Hard Country Band used a *Flowers*

The Not-So-Green Glass Of The Country

At Hank's Grave poster to illustrate their birth. The flowers looked as fresh as a Doctor Pepper floral wedding arrangement.

So were the band members; all Sundown, or was it, Sunup refugees. There was former Cherokees singing drummer Bazza Windley, folkie flat picker Dave Redapple (not Redneck, the Canberra DJ) and Quinn bassist Steve Edwards.

Waiting in the wings is Glass's other co-writer Mike Edwards who also graced the Seventies stage with brother Steve in Quinn.

"The sound will be a lot tougher," Glass growled, "all the songs are the drinkin', lovin', cheatin' variety. And we don't wear cowboy shirts or hats."

I was getting Glass's message clearer than a trip to Texas with inlaw Kinky Friedman.

"It's ya basic bar band all the way," Keith chirped, "50% originals and 50% covers. And I'm not telling which is which because the material is pretty obscure." Might hear a few of Reg Lindsay's Nashville hits, J. J. McRoach murmured as he flashed his Zippo lighter under the press release.

"We are not an outlaw band," the Sundown kid crooned, "if we could afford to buy Continental suits (a la Ray Price/Merle Haggard 1965) we'd wear 'em. Our heroes are Joan Didion, Harvey Kurtzman (wasn't he Kinky Frieman's lawyer), Kay Thompson, Arch Hall Jr and Conrad Hilton. We eat Goo Goo's (cluster's not supreme's with pecans), Krispy Creme Donuts, Double Decker Deluxe Chocolate Moon Pies and wash 'em down with Slitz malt liquor with an R.C. chaser. Fave Films are The Big Cube, Funny Face and anything produced by Jules White. We drive 1952 Kaiser-Frasers and shop at Piggly Wiggly Supermarkets — ultimate ambition of course is a handprint in the Tamworth Hands Of Fame."

Haven't they heard of the plaster casters in hillbilly heaven?

Glass's phone manner was equally stunning.

"Meet me at the newest Albert Park cowboy bar," he hissed, "it's the Windsor in Victoria St."

The Windsor was hard to miss. The flag high on the outside wall read Live Country & Weston.

Maybe they meant Smith & Wesson I told Glass as he rushed me into his sleek Japanese stage coach.

"It's deader than the city morgue on Monday morning," the singer sighed, "I'll show you the bright lights of the Cafe Neon."

Wasn't that the joint where real cowboys wouldn't be seen dead or alive?

It could have been worse; like a night at the Bullcutters' Arms in the deep south at Warrnambool.

"Yeah, but you'll see how the advertising industry expense accounts are spent faster than an ailing record company mogul," the Sundown kid crooned.

Glass was soon smashed by the arrival of Miranda Jetlagg, without a plane.

"We'll be played inner suburban honky tonks like the old College Lawn, Windsor, Esplanade and Sydenham," the high rider howled, "then we'll wait for stage offers we can't refuse from Spurs."

Like leave town tonight on the next stage or we'll blow you away. Melbourne, it seemed, was thriving with new cowboy bands.

★ ★ ★

Former Sports and Suzie Dickenson guitarist Ed Bates was hijacked by The Other Band — an offshoot of P.C. Caulton's Pick-Ups and the Dead Livers.

Other members are Caulton's pianist Craig Reeves, Livers rhythm guitarist Roger Delfos, drummer Richard O'Keefe and singing sisters Erin and Sue Hickey.

The Other Band will work the honky tonks when the members' other bands are not playing.

Suzie Dickenson and her new kicker band The Cisco Kids are also riding the Spurs range.

The Kew cowgal has retained Redgum refugee Hughie McDonald and hired former Stylus bassist Ashley Head, Yasmin & The Tea Leaves pianist Tony Leonard and drummer Greg Martin.

Fiddler McDonald does a fine Jimmy Swaggart style southern preacher parody with a Bible in his hand.

Now, didn't Geoff Duff do that at the Distillery with Kush?).

No, Duffo was sereious.

Marysville cowboy combo, the Billy Jack Outlaw Band (with Mick Elliott on lead guitar), have also hit the kicker circuit.

Singer Colin Jones reckons his band are hotter than a blazing saltbush.

Johnny Chester's backing band, Hotspur, have also been working the Spurs circuit without their boss.

Chess is one of the three Oz acts chosen to receive awards and perform at the International Country Music Awards in Fort Worth, Texas, from July 16-22.

Also hightailing it to Ray Wylie Hubbad and Delbert McClinton territory at Cowtown are Jewel Blanch and Bullamakanka.

Bullamakanka have been scoring extensive airplay for new single "Gaylene (I Left A Broken Heart In Broken Hill)".

The song — written by Laurie Allen, Mick Hamilton and Allan Caswell — was originally recorded by Sanity Clause (alias Caswell and Mighty Guy Hamilton).

Bullas singer Dave Ovenden believes Gaylene, from the band's second album In Search Of (RCA), should be a national hit.

Bullamakanka created Oz country music history with a midnight album launch at Sydney rock venue, The Tivoli.

Maybe they should have waited for the opening of new North Shore cowboy bar The Gambler.

That upmarket honky tonk (at the Copenhagen Inn in Narrabeen) was opened by veteran cosmic cowboy Digger Revell.

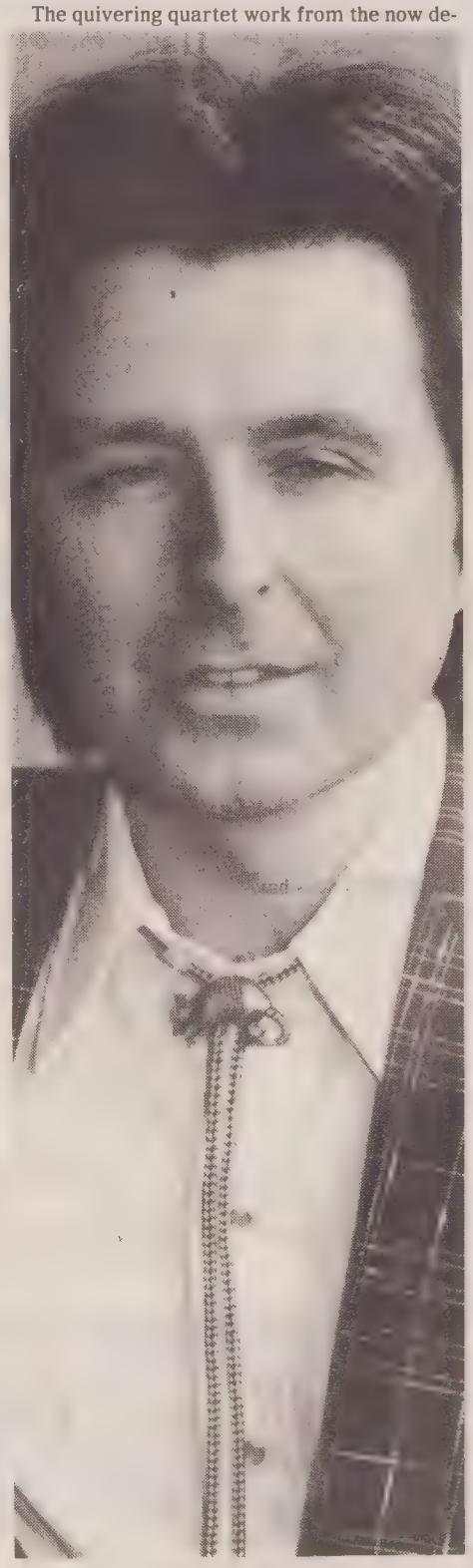
Digger, whose band have written the bulk of a new album for RCA, recently escaped from a month long sojourn in Johland.

The songs, written by Digger's drummer Shane Flew (not over the Cuckoo's Nest), bassist Ralph Graham and guitarist Peter Hearne, will be cut at EMI.

They include Alive And Kickin', Miles Away, Working On A Thing Called Love and Flashing Lights.

★ ★ ★

The quivering quartet work from the now de-



KEITH GLASS

funct Woodford Post Office on the banks of the Merri River.

Weary Warrnambool world traveller Frank O'Donnell has created the sizzling Shark Shuffle, a countrified version of the Lone Star Flake.

Dancers lie on the floor and shake their fins while Bush Cabaret's bizarre dance caller cools their shots.

Other members of this strange band are Warrnambool Institute of Advance Education lecturer Peter Lucas, his wife Sue and retired gas meter reader Rod Hedditch.

If the Bible belt capital can produce Nevada and Granny's Grave Band they deserve the patent for the Shark Shuffle.

Maybe *Countdown* can make this the newest fad without having to rob a senile synthesiser bank.

Oh, the Sharks are the institute's footy team.

And, yes, they are on the bottom of the footy ladder; how else could they be down so long to learn the Shark Shuffle.

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Albums

Edited by EVAN GROVE

ELTON JOHN

Too Low For Zero
(PolyGram)

This is the final proof — if any were still needed — that the established talents (and I'm thinking of Cliff Richard, Robert Palmer, Hall and Oates . . . even Elvis Costello) are those with the enduring ability for deeply wrought creativity. In short, talent never fades.

Elton John, though, had been in danger of disappearing before last year's rejuvenated *Jump Up*, which — despite being a patchy rag-bag of influences — recaptured his undiminished flair for melodic pathos combined with a kind of pantomime urgency.

But whereas *Jump Up* was partly so good simply because it was such a *surprise* return to form, *Too Low For Zero* is simply brilliant and surprising only in its unflawed consistency.

For instance, four of the ten tracks are the kind of stunning, heart-piercing reflections of despair and bewilderment that he hasn't successfully written since 'Daniel' and 'Candle In The Wind'.

The crowning glory amid the wailing, tear-stained sheets and hurtful goodbye melodies is the return of Bernie Taupin as Elton's lyricist. 'There is a certain magic whenever we work together' beams EJ, and much of the magic on *Too Low For Zero* is of a staggeringly rejuvenated and spellbinding design.

The opening 'Cold As Christmas' sets the tone immediately, Taupin's restrained lyrics conjuring up the tortured mood of frustration through love lost with couplets like *"The temperature's up to ninety-five/But there's a winter look in your mother's eyes"*.

As ever, Elton's resounding piano accompaniment lends a melancholy timbre, while Kiki Dee's harmony vocals maintain atmosphere of heartbreak. This is later repeated by the title track where the middle eight break suddenly drifts off with an ethereally inspiring beauty akin to 'Song For Guy'. Really — by now the album has taken on the mantle of being a modern classic!

Amid the up-tempo rockers, there is now no feeling of 'filler material' (as on Jump Up') as 'I'm Still Standing' and 'Kiss The Bride' zip past with a renewed sense of pride, fun and purpose.

Finally though, Elton's true forte and true worth lies in bitter-sweet ballads which use a backdrop of lush mournfulness to convey the guilt, tragedy and utter despair of Taupin's (excellent) lyrical reflections.

Throughout all this, the musicianship is immaculate (the reformed EJ band of Johnstone, Murray and Olsson always convince rather than intrude) and Elton's voice never conveyed more feeling or conviction.

Too Low For Zero is an album to live with — and it makes you feel great to be alive!

— JOHNNY WALLER

IRON MAIDEN

Piece Of Mind
(EMI)

The beats is back! The fiercest and fastest Eddie in metaldom re-enters Earth's pollution-poisoned atmosphere to score a surefire chart bullseye with this, Iron Maiden's fourth album, like Eric Bristow after a dose of Bruce Banner's Gamma Rays. Talk about one hundred and ET, John.

Though the experience has evidently left the Maiden-incarnate monster shorn, shackled and straight-jacketed, there's little doubt that *'Piece of Mind* will bullet up to a comfortable billet atop the UK charts while severely denting the US Top 30; the latest and greatest (selling) stage in their marvellously meteoric rise to living legend status.

So why's all this leading up to a but?

Well, it started with the single. There's no escaping the fact that 'Plight Of The Ridiculous' is strictly nondescript, a preposterously vacuous metal-by-numbers plod that could have been penned by any number of MOR-conscious metal combos.

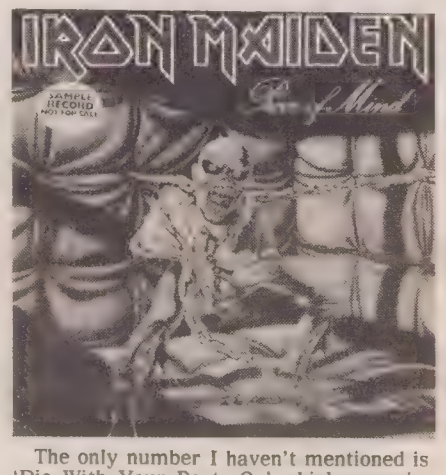
If it wasn't for his credit on the scorching 'Sun And Steel', I'd be severely tempted to launch into a tirade against the increasingly dominant stamp of the Dickinson. Certainly Bruce is solely responsible for the album's one embarrassing moment 'Revelations', a dull and strained stop-start affair which exhumes the unpleasant corpse of GK Chesterton over a leaden riff more dated than Bebe Buelle. Only the occasional nifty speed passage redeems the number from total blandola stakes.

Other niggles while I've got going: 'Quest For Fire' finds the riffs too cushioned, Bruce's voice too prominent and strained and also, in general, the lyrics here hit none of the evocative highs of the last album (eg '22 Acacia Avenue' or 'Number' itself) prefering to dally in more standard sword, sorcery and sci-fi subject matter.

But, thank his god, Trevor Brooking, Steve Harris hasn't let the side down. His 'The Trooper' and 'Where Eagles Dare' are classic Maiden romps suffused with spirited riffs, blinding axe flashes and well heavy punctuation. Dare I say, they're vintage Purplesque work-outs with no loss of character, and ample showcases for the Hulk-like drumming of Nicko McBrain.

'Still Life' sees Murray makes his three-yearly co-writing appearance. Despite a sensitive intro, it soon storms into cantering stomp enhanced by a niftily catch chorus which is outclassed only by the even more contagious refrain of the superlative 'Sun And Steel'.

Meantimes Steve Harris shows Bruce how to really write an epic with the setclosing 'To Tame A Land', the belly-dancing lilt of the intro soon surrendering to the mighty meandering of the song proper.



The only number I haven't mentioned is 'Die With Your Boots On' which, surprisingly, isn't a version of the Crux skinhead anthem, but instead thunders along like a careering juggernaut. Like 'Sun And Steel', this will doubtless attract 'macho strut' jibes from wimpier quarters, but then some people didn't like The Dirty Dozen either. No accounting for taste.

The bulk of bona-fide stormers here manages to smother my fears of the band losing their colourful identity, but I do still think the likes of 'Icarus' and the revolting 'Revelations' are danger signs. Maybe even bigger mass success will necessitate the band going in a relatively non-descript and, gulp, slower direction, but I hope they can resist the pressure, like they've thus far resisted the pressures to release a total bland-out single Stateside.

As for *Piece Of Mind*, it's the band's best produced, most technically proficient offering to date with a surprisingly good/gruesome sleeve and a rock-solid ring of confidence all around it.

I just like *Number Of The Beast* better, that's all.

— GARRY BUSHELL

KLAUS SCHULZE

Audentity
(Innovative Communication)

The rock keeps rolling on — even if more and more it's been driven by silicone chips rather than manpower. And no-one has more chips on his musical shoulder than the instigator of the tiny, conceptual label, Innovative Communication, Klaus Schulze. After helping produce dynamic, if somewhat introspective discs by lesser electrolights, Schulze now gives himself a go. And the introspection rages on.

Audentity is a slowly-paced electro symphony spanning four sides. Indeed it is a mammoth artistic expedition that makes *War And Peace* seem like a brochure for army recruitment in comparison. I'm not sure, also, that it is any superior to previous product on I.C.

Schulze's world does not recognise the element of melody. Rather, it begs the cause of mood, using rapid tempo changes or dramatic volume switches to detonate a feeling. If your imagination is frisked up and if your stereo is rich and efficient enough, the ploy often succeeds. If not — well you might as well get back to reading that Tolstoy novel.

Side one starts off as an imbroglio of electronic yawns and sneezes, eventually building into a fever of neo-funk. For over twenty minutes, the plastic beat zips obediently onwards like a well-programmed satellite orbiting the earth. The uni-phased side is titled "Cellistica".

Diversity is more to the fore on the trilogy that is side two. First off, there is the assertive rhythm of "Tango Saty", that becomes almost humanly humorous. It makes way for the classically-bent "Amourage", arguably *Audentity's* sweetest seven minutes. Grand piano is simulated if not perfectly mimicked on this track. This perhaps is a good moment to note that the synthesiser is still but one instrument and no matter how many programmes you can feed into it, it can only achieve certain sounds.

Thus a disc like *Audentity*, relying solely (and soulfully) on that one instrument, demands melodic brilliance and instrumental wizardry to hold off tedium. Schulze only supplies the latter. Side two is capped off with another beat-conscious piece of anonymity, "Opheylissem".

I liked the idea, if not the gross length, of the one track that spanned side three, "Spielglocken". To me, the gradually stirring sounds came across like the dawn of a new day. Slowly earth's animals awoke to the rhythm of the sunrise, until they were enveloped in the bustling dance of life. Imaginative stuff indeed.

Side four returns to the serious stuff. One could be moved to change its title of "Sebastian I'm Traum" to "Symphony For Sonic Suicides". For suspended between the electronic raindrops from the drum-machine are gloriously-weepy syntho-strings. Like a spider's web, they radiate beautifully and purposefully, yet maintain a

Singles

with THE SINGLES SLEUTH

The Del Webb Explosion "Gardening As Finer Art" (Greasy Pop): this Adelaide band features a big brass lineup and an authentic sixties R&B pop sound that reminds me of bands like Procession and even perhaps The Groove. Best of all, it reeks of genuine feel, not limp nostalgia. Well played, arranged and recorded to boot. Also serves as a tantaliser for what appears to be a great live sound.

Wendy & The Rocketts "Play The Game" (Mushroom): a more controlled, planned track this time from a band who need to sound more interesting in order to stand out from the crowd. Effective vocal from Wendy herself that isn't all bash . . . quite intimate, in parts, even. Goes on a bit at the end, but overall, one of their better tracks.

Rod Stewart "Baby Jane" (Warner Bros): has everything going for it. . . on the surface, at least. Great sounds, commercial song, a real toe-tapper. But for some reason it doesn't grab me. Has the changing pop climate rendered Rodders irrelevant, or no longer attention grabbing? Could be. This single will be the litmus test.

Russell Morris "I'll Stay With You" (Mushroom): Incredible! That's the only word for it. Russell does a Tom Waits impression here, about three octaves lower than the voice he's presented us with for the last umpteen years. Somehow it works, especially when he climbs out just above the gravel for the choruses. Stong itself is your big production number ballad that stops just short of excess.

Phil Everly & Cliff Richard "She Means Nothing To Me" (Capitol): probably as near as you'll ever get to a resurrection of the Everly's sound that had such a big effect on music back in the early sixties (including on The Beatles). A vibrant track that moves along at its own pace, leaving the focus clearly on these two seasoned singers.

The Pinkies "Danger Game" (Powderworks): almost a time capsule from the Merseybeat era. A bouncy pop song that pinches all the tricks that took records to the top of the charts in the mid sixties. Of course, the climate is rather different these days.

Hall & Oates "Family Man" (RCA): another in a stream of fascinating singles. This one's a bit weirder than others, a good song dressed up with some odd arrangement devices. In this case, it tends to disguise the good song rather than enhance it. But full marks for intrinsic interest and commercial adventurousnes.

Nick Lowe "Ragin' Eyes" (F Beat): an uptempo rocker that's a little too bland for this listener, who first knew Nick back in the heady days of the classic *Jesus Of Cool*.

Wah! "Hope" (WEA): their last one, "Story Of The Blues;;, was amazing, and this new one is also vast and powerful. Taking lessons from the Phil Spector school of cavernous sounds, this group really has successfully recreated the big reverb Fiddeous Brothers sound and its effectiveness in adding drama to big, soulful medium pace ballads. I liked the previous track more, but either are worth an earful.

Tim Finn "Fraction Too Much Friction" (Mushroom): has a nice feel, sort of lazy and charming. Myself, I find the joke of the title is totally killed by repetition, which tends to trivialise the lyrics overall. Nice arrangement, good vocal, a harmless track that Enz fans and one or two others will readily take to.

Rupert Hine "Living In Sin" (A & M): Hine makes records that are totally weird and usually quite commercial, which makes him a rather unique character and a positive force in modern music. This one is incredibly busy and heavily percussive, lots of sequencers and vocals flying around all over the place, quite a mish-mash. He's done better in the commercial sense, but anyone looking for ideas, tune in to Mr Hine.

Albums

Edited by EVAN GROVE

fragile air. They seal off a disc that goes too far, for too long, for the simple-minded pop fan.

Even to lovers of electronic music, the synthesiser feast is likely to turn into artistic indigestion. Which goes to prove that a disc of one-sided synthesiser does not need four sides of vinyl to expose it.

— ROBERT VELLA

ROBERT PALMER

Pride
(Festival)

I've never met Robert Palmer but I love hearing those successive stories by those who have, each primarily astonished that this smooth cat has an Albert Tatlock accent. Judging by his music, I bet Palmer loves the ensuing surprise, confusion, the mad effect.

It's been hard hardening-up Palmer's career until *Pride, Looking For Clues,* had two sublime tracks, with the remainder the absolute pits. The title song and the ridiculously great 'Johnny And Mary' did, however, show that Palmer was starting to spread a few clues around himself. Ensuing singles have confirmed, not only that Palmer can be an unlikely (after this long) commercial hit, but that he has the making of an artist — *Pride* is the culmination of the process. It's an amazing and difficult LP, with mad effects to the fore.

It has storylines and shape. It rises to the heights, often reminding me of Joni Mitchell's profound and depressing 'Hejira' — the old smoothie is revelling in his newfound ability to spread difficulties and general (isn't he or is he, after all, an old tosser or long-standing?) alarm.

I adore his voice because, contrary to what it should be (70s hacks told us it was Nat King Cole relived), it's so ordinary it surprises you: a blank white soul voice, Hall 'n Oates (in many ways Palmer's partners) do the same thing, and instead of restricting both sets of artists BECAUSE IT ISN'T THE REAL BLACK THING, it gives them a hell of a lot of room to manoeuvre in.

Pride is such a big music it, literally, bursts. What's left is white blank soul smithereens of an initial energy that didn't have the right vehicle (aka most of *Clues).* At any given moment on the LP there is hardly less than three levels operating — four if you include, perhaps most important of all, Palmer's own producing and arranging, which is dazzling and huge.

First there's the backing music, performed by players (bassist Frank Blair especially) who're so good they've decided to turn the music inside out, stick it in a washing machine, then send it through Bill Burrough's "cut up" method — and still prove they can make it sound great! It's dance music for people with no legs: Tatlock meets Askey, the result is askew.

Then there's the smoothie's larynx. On 'It's Not Difficult' (like his voice, they're all ordinary/boring/smug/smugly brilliant titles) it itself is honing in from about four different levels. The effect is, again, quite mad, but it's hitting on the point too early . . .

For, lastly, there's this constant buzzing synth barrage in the background — that's more (tastefully) 'Hejira' than Ultrapox — like a great dark set of clouds over the whole album, that even the overall dance end pop music can't obliterate. He's got very arty, has old Robert. And mad.

The shape of the thing: side one is, for pristine Palmer, practically dirty and unkempt. The songs rattle along in pretend-shambles, only lifting up to strength and MASCULINE ASSERTION (his black leather phase) with the closing 'You Are In My System' (about Poland? Afghanistan? Brut aftershave?). As throughout the album, the tracks are joined together (why don't more do this?) there's laughing and heavy breathing wedged between the smithereens of songs.

But the essential point about the first side is the MAD inclusion of "Want You More' (a ballad with a great hint of 'Hejira'-esque doom) right in the centre of it breaking the flow up, changing it. And the effect is exactly matched on the second side with Kool And The Gang's appalling 'You Can Have It', THIS Palmer-album's token dud track (at least it's just one this time; and there is a certain purpose-of-continuity to it) which sounds like R.P. taking the piss out of the straightness of the song. Like he's killing it, its rigidity, its formal falseness. It will probably be a massive, embarrassing hit.

Pride, the storyline of *Pride,* ends with the bullseye of 'What You Waiting For', well up the 'Johnny And Mary' standards of proving that, unbelievably for this sure-fire charlatan, Robert Palmer is capable of neatly expressing emotion. His ultimate surprise (so far).

Pride is about fitting triangles into square slots. It is adventurous song-writing. The best thing about it, and Palmer, is that you know that at heart there is no masterplan, he has never read Nabokov, he IS just that smoothie decently setting out to pen some pop music. And that's fitting and irrelevant.

Pride, is desperately mad, slightly moving. If you think genuinely that Marillion are about "mystery" and "adventure", it will give you a heart attack.

— DAVE McCULLOUGH

TALKING HEADS

Speaking In Tongues
(WEA)

I've been waiting to bury the Talking Heads for more than a year now. Nothing malicious, you understand; just a suspicion that the apparently increasing distance between David Byrne and the rest of the band must surely mean that their days as a creative force together were numbered.

Their disappointing live album didn't help either, although both the band's British visits since their magnificent *Remain In Light* album produced exhilarating shows, even in the cavernous wastes of Wembley Arena.

Speaking In Tongues happily displays no signs of weariness, disaffection or boredom. Whether this may or may not be their last album is irrelevant; what matters is that it's still got the vigour and the style you'd expect from them. And it emphasises that the total of the Talking Heads remains greater than the sum of the parts.

The exuberant sound they unleashed on *Remain In Light* has been honed into something leaner, more distinct and purposeful. Despite the long list of session musicians credited, there's more than room for everyone as the funky rhythms bustle by.

Each of the guests have been brought in for a particular purpose and they all leave their mark as intended, from Shankar's moaning violin solo on 'Making Flippy Floppy' to the precise percussive interjections from Raphael DeJesus, Steve Scales and David Van Tiegham along the way. They are the cream on the dependable cake baked by Chris Frantz, Tina Weymouth and Jerry Harrison.

Byrne himself is no mean instrumental contributor, as his burst of guitar static on the opening 'Burning Down The House' shows. And lyrically, he revels in a kind of egghead rapping style that occasionally leaves the album title looking like an understatement.

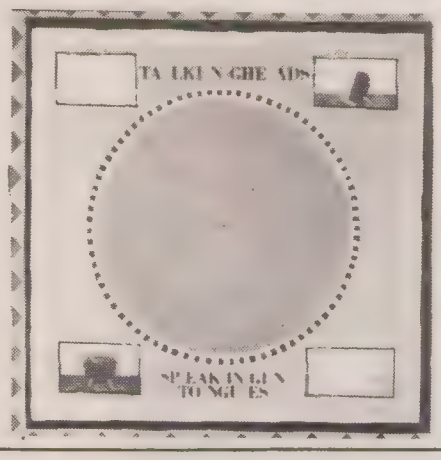
When I sat down to get stuck into this record on the first night, my brain was just going down for the third time when the first side ended. I admit I'd had a few, but then who hasn't? And Byrne has probably had more. There are some great one-liners dotted around but how many you can string together before losing the thread will depend on how far you can follow his eclectic perception and logic.

Head freaks will go demented trying to analyse the discrepancies between what Byrne sings and his own lyrics on the inner sleeve — and that's even before they start trying to decipher the crossings out.

But if he's not about to start rhyming moon and June, he's enough of a rock and roller at heart to seize on a good catchphrase and use it to hang a song around. 'Burning Down The House' and 'Swamp' are 'commercial' enough to become hits.

Besides that pair, 'Making Flippy Floppy', 'Better Than That' and 'Pull Up The Roots' are all shaping up as classic Talking Heads songs after half a dozen listens. I could think of plenty of pretentious reasons why but, frankly, I'd rather start getting inside the other four.

— HUGH FIELDER



THE PLASMATIC

Coup d'Etat
(EMI)

Psst!. . . . You . . . . Yes *you!* Can we talk here? I'm gonna give you the bottom groove on the Plasmatics; lower Mantattan's favorite chain-saw anything-anywhere-anytime gang. You've probably seen them on the tube, or in your last technicolour nightmare, or more likely at your last Horror-flick Police line-up. I mean visually, this band is to *weird* what General Custer is to non-fashionable retreats.

But the $64.00 question here is "what's their new *Coup d'Etat* album like?" Well the 64[c] answer is, "have you thought about investing your money in a building society?"

Out to lunch! Believe me, Wendy O. Williams' vocals harpoonly demoralise what might have been an otherwise vinyl disc. You see, like Clint Eastwood in *Paint Your Wagon,* she just *can't* sing.

If you can pass this one thousand foot hurdle, (I can't, but then again I like Van Halen, Foghorn Leghorn and spinach), a couple of the tracks make for an interesting conglomeration of hardcore punk, mental and the concept of unadulterated pain. "The Damned" probably offers the best punk/-meal/pain riff-a-roonie on the album, with the Plasmatics' rendition of Motorhead's "No Class" coming in a close second. Believe it or not S & M fans, Wendy's noises (I can't call them vocals any more) on this cover, actually make Lemmy sound like a Frank Sinatra.

Earmuffs aside, *Coup d'Etat*'s producer is Dieter Dierks, the famous German producer best known for his excellent production of the Scorpions. Unfortunately this isn't up to the Scorpions standard, but this is understandable as he was probably trying to escape you-know-who's lack of you-know-what. And for anybody still awake, the songs are mainly written by guitarists Richie "Rich" Stotts and Wes "Back" Beech with the aid of Plasmatics manager Rod "And Emu" Swenson.

Final Warnings: three things less painful than listening to Wendy's screeches. 1. Trimming your toenails with a lawnmower; 2. Watching a full episode of the show that has been said to have the collective I.Q.of a carrot — *Solid Gold;* 3. Being offered three wishes and told none of them must involve the endangerment of public morals, money or the slow torture of any music celebrities. You have been warned!

— DENNIS TWILIGHT

THE BLOCKHEADS

Twist And Shout (mini-album)
(Stunn)

The Blockheads are a great band. The Dury/Blockhead combination lead to rock classics — "Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick", "Reasons To Be Cheerful", "Sweet Gene Vincent", "I Wanna Be Straight", and of course "Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll". Dury's solo efforts, retaining their lyrical appeal have lacked the full-on maniac intensity of the Blockheads. Here we have the Blockheads sans Dury in a taste of their forthcoming tour.

The strongest trait of the Blockheads is their approach to basic rhythm; the simplicity of the drumming and the frenetic funk bass. Davey Payne is a bonus, sax which runs the range of syrup to classic Little Richard and the atonal closer to Roland Kirk and Albert Ayler.

Without Dury, the Blockheads pursue what they do best. Percussion and bass driven funk. "Twist And Shout", both versions on this disc work well, although the original track, "Shake Out The Lead" is more easily assimilated, since the Beatles version strikes the ear as initially correct.

The Hunters and Collectors could learn a lot from this excursion into vinyl. Only wish it was an album.

— SIMON GOSS

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POLAND'S PARTY BOYS

CHRIS BOHN Takes A Trip To The Troubled Land To Find The Punks, Teenies And Long Hairs Gathered In One Corner, And The Military, Do-Rights And Jobsworths On The Other, Conspiring To End The Longest Wildest Party Inside The Warsaw Pakt.

Life is that much easier if you go along with the local customs.

Short of a few declaration forms the British contingent — a three man film crew, an ambitious independent record/PA company looking for inlets and outlets in Poland and yours truly — nervously waits for clearance through Warsaw Airport.

On the other side of the glass barrier families clutching flowers eagerly peer through for their friends and relatives. Apart from cabbies in a rush for foreign marks and the yankee dollar, no one's in any hurry. The continental humidity has relaxed the pace to a sluggish crawl.

Best fall in line . . .

★ ★ ★

A small gift doesn't constitute graft but a sign of gratitude goes the prevailing wisdom; thanks for doing your job so well, pal. Bottles of vodka bought at the duty free dollar shop are discreetly left behind. The wheels lubricated, life rolls on smoothly. Conveyed through to the other side we are prey to the prowling cab drivers.

One hawk, claiming his cab to be damaged to the extent of some 1000s of ziotys (official going rate: 134 slotys to the pound — 500 to the dollar on the black market) on the short run from airport to hotel, says he will magnanimously settle for a fiver's compensation. Like a boar trapped by his own greed he paces the lobby waiting for this seemingly slight truffle, darkness falling on his venomous curses.

He is probably still waiting.

★ ★ ★

Meanwhile, slipping out the back door, we board the early morning train for Poznan, travelling in the exotically titled Bar Wars buffet car. Poznan lies west of Warsaw en route for Berlin. Attractively rural, it is only scarred by the railway sidings cutting up its eastern approach. The most overt sign of industry, however, is so classically shaped — rectangular factory block, vertiginous chimney, diagonal external corridors — it earns its decorous setting on the river bank flanking the picturesque old quarter. It even generates appropriately ghostly clanking noises, as if confirming the town's antiquity.

Unlike its neighbours, the DDR, the CSSR and the USSR, red banners hanging outside factories or along thoroughfares urging unity or greater productivity are a rare sight in Poland. There are a few of the uniform signs common to the Comecon states. Leninography is not a growing concern.

A majestic monument to the fallen, marking the Soviet/Polish war sacrifices, is matched in grandeur and dignity by the Solidarity-built memorial to the 53 workers killed in the cost of living riots of '56. Other than that the dominant iconography is based on the Pope and pop.

A catholic kitsch shop peddles images of His Holiness alongside effigies of the saints, while inside a newspaper/stationery store Spandau Ballet posters and beatle promo pictures are on sale; their western record company insignia and not-for-sale stamps no doubt authenticate their value as artefacts!

"Yes," fumes Piotr Metz, Poland's leading Beatle expert, whose weekly 45 minute show dedicated to the Fab Four on Warsaw Third interspersed gossip, news and views with very rare Beatle tracks and alternative takes.

"This is a very sad thing which is happening here. This year EMI signed a contract to sell Western records through Pewex, our chain of dollar shops (meaning they only take hard currency). They also sent Pewex all kinds of promotional material.

Unfortunately these posters and pictures were never used for their original purpose. They found their way into private shops (recently allowed to operate alongside state-owned shops) where they are sold for a lot of money — such a poster is twice as much as a Polish LP.

"My listeners send me letters asking how they can do such a thing, sell posters with not-for-sale stamped on them. I can only sympathise. It's a real bad thing. Somebody's making a big profit here."

Cute as Poznan's stores are, we're not here for shopping, but for a three night pop festival — one of the many that has ironically proliferated under the austere post crisis rule of General Wojciech Jaruzelski. No Colonel Tom Parker he, how come he allows youthful spirits to soar and flourish, while other branches of the arts are more closely regulated, or — like the film industry — subjected to the constraints of a crippled economy?

A news item in the official English speaking monthly Polish Perspectives offers a clue, reporting that Jaruzelski "emphasised the democratic, open and tolerant character of the party's cultural policy and drew attention to the intelligentsia's duty to make a creative contribution to recovery. The Party's honest attitude, he said, would in the long run allow it to secure credibility, respect and trust in intellectual quarters."

But having crushed the popular power base of Solidarity in December 1981 and temporarily imposed martial law, how can a military government ever expect to win the support of the people?

If this were Czechoslovakia the government wouldn'tbe bothering with such considerations. In Poland, however, even the most rigid of post-war regimes has made efforts on behalf of its people. Each bout of rioting — '56 in Poznan, '70 in Gdansk, Gdynia and Szczecin, once again in '76 — was followed first by the restoration of order and then by carefully controlled reforms.

The pitiful state of the Polish Economy at the time of the Jaruzelski takeover meant he had no consumable carrots to dangle; cakes were out, so what does that leave? The food of love!

FEELINGS

"Because rock music is so popular with the youth here, the authorities decided to use it as a way of winning over youth to their side," remarks one observer. "Well, not exactly to their side, but allowing them to express their feelings in music, hoping they would forget about everything else.

"And after so many years in which groups had to struggle to find equipment and with no chance of recording, the new government made equipment available to every young group, gave radio and TV airtime to them and some of them made an overnight success because of that. What was the dream of every '70s group has become the reality for young groups in the '80s. So who can blame groups for co-operating with the government, when now is perhaps the only chance they will have in their career?"

The observer bellows his opinions in my ear above the roar of the vacuum sucking up the night's debris in a hotel lobby.

Tongues and emotions loosened by the flow of vodka, silence is evidently not a golden rule in Poland. People refuse to stay invisible. The action takes place overground, albeit occasionally in the shadows. Last minute requests for anonymity strike a note of caution, a sensible reminder that all is not so normal as it seems. What with Party curbs on the one hand and the Polish will to all-night-partying on the other, delirious highs are reached such as are rarely experienced at home, where anything goes.

"It's a complicated business being a Pole," mourns a maudlin drunk. I stiffen sympathetically.

Just who benefits most from Jaruzelski's bid to win the hearts and minds of youth? Surely the groups are simply taking the money and running?

That a million teen hearts flutter, that thousands of intellectual minds are tickled by, say, Poland's most popular group Republika — whose sharp yet cleverly ambiguous songs and witty self promotion have won them a massive across-the-generation-gap following — doesn't add up to an endorsement of anything.

Of course, the State doesn't expect such a direct reward for its generosity. By allowing pop and rock to flourish, turning a blind eye to the flagrant assaults of punks and letting the subtle innuendos of more sensitive groups slip by, they are providing a public safety valve for pent up frustrations, at once encouraging an atmosphere of normality. Which hundreds of artists and musicians have astutely taken advantage of.

"Because everybody was wary of the government policy, thinking it must be some kind of trick," comments an onlooker, "the government had to open the gate very wide to get anybody through it at all. They had to let everybody through and, of course, things have got out of control.

"For them there are probably too many groups. There are probably too many festivals. Every two weeks we have a festival of some kind and young people travel all over the country and from one festival to another. Because they are not used to these kinds of things, I don't think they were prepared for everything to grow quite so big."

Or quite so diverse or daring.

★ ★ ★

The festival site as starship landing: Poznan's sports arena assumes the shape of a decapitated space module. The Polish thousands gather under the shade of concrete supports or sprawl in the sun strumming guitars.

To westerners accustomed to stories of grey conformity behind the curtains, the variety of dress is astounding. It is also more imaginative. As the state rock agency hasn't cottoned onto the concessions racket — beyond posters and badges — people must design their own clothes or customise off-the-peg numbers into the correct combinations to mark their alignment to a particular group.

Though Republika don't play till Sunday, their black and white colours are the most prolific. Even so, the predominantly teen audience is prepared to enjoy whatever's going.

Given the erratic quality of interbloc entertainment — the bill's drawn from Polish and Warsaw Pact groups — the audience's happy pragmatism is as much expediency as generosity. Zlotys paid, they're going to have a good time regardless. So long as the rhythm moves they'll jump to it, employing music to their own end.

At which point let me tell you about Poland's Perfect, who once held the number one spot in young hearts now reserved for Republika and a semi-pomp group Maanam.

Their live favourite used to be 'I Want To Be Myself', because a slight phonetic change converted the chorus into *"I Want To Beat A Zomo"* — slang for cop. The group would sing the original and the audience the modification. And though the authorities could hardly condone massed ranks chanting *"I Want To Beat A Zomo"*, it would be equally ludicrous for them to ban a group from asserting 'I Want To Be Myself'. Thus minor satisfactions are gained.

Tiny bodies maul themselves into a state of muppet hysteria. Skinny arms flail skywards, fingers splayed into V signs, eyes screwed tightly shut, they enter into a frantic communal bounce — the fraternal response to the pogo perhaps? — be it to heavy metal, hard rock or the Polish equivalent of power pop. Only punk grounds the majority. That, and the existential sulks of an excellent group Kontrola W . . .

Let's rock around the Bloc! So what does an East German heavy metal group sound like?

Don't ask. Beethoven will not be flattered by Berluc's solo guitar reading of his 'Ode To joy', though he might sympathise with their "No more Hiroshima!" call. Anti nuclear protest, it would appear, is now sanctioned by the East German censors.

I'm sure you'd all rather hear a Hungarian heavy metal version of 'Na Na Na Kiss Him Goodbye', as performed by Karthargo who, having taken rock's tribal connotations to heart, dress up in Viking horns, kneelength bearskin boots and furs — fluorescent green gorilla masks optional.

Whatever melody the song possessed is hauled through a primal mud of bumbingly pedestrian riffs and finally stomped to death, only for the song to re-emerge as a monstrously ugly swamp thing that is nevertheless preferable to the wafer thin prissiness of the Banarama cover.

The Polish Exodus are almost as silly: Chipmunks go heavy metal while the tart Lady Pank are a slip of the tongue translation into Polish of the Police. Poznan favourites Turbo, bedecked in lurid satins and silks, demonstrate that tantrums aren't the province of Western stars. They once demanded as a condition for a concert at a local school that their dressing room be painted pink. Puce would have been more appropriate.

One group, TSA, have a vigorous vulgarity as broad as Ted Nugent's wicked grin and a self-deprecating stage presentation to match. Long hair, cut off shorts, scrawny legs and a complete lack of grace add up to a spectacle so ridiculous and lively it's hard not to warm to them. TSA — Transcend Style And taste.

LEATHER PUNKS

Medieval carved faces of town patrons and saints sheltering under the staid arches and eaves of Poznan's town hall benignly look down on a never-changing Saturday shopping scene.

But what must they be thinking this morning as they witness their provincial square filling with unsavoury strangers, who bring with them the stink of city industry? Suddenly they seem to be arriving up every alley, dragging their heavy, battered workboots through the heat . . .

Studded punks, leather punks, denim punks, razored punks, dirt greased punks, spiked punks, Sham punks, Sub punks, Crass punks, Pistol whipped punks, No Future punks, F... The War punks, F... Off punks, anarchy punks sprawl across benches, heads resting in each other's laps, dizzy with tiredness, heat and drink.

Gdansk punks, Lodz punks, Gdyniz punks, Warsaw punks, Cracow punks arriving on foot or by thumb, on trains and in trunks. Presently flushed with time and no where to go, they nevertheless sense the danger of staying in one place too long. Stylishly sullen and senseless, they scowl through backstreets, gradually making their way to the sports arena; for tonight's their night.

And don't the militia just know it! Compared to the previous night's invisible presence, the site today is occupied by rank upon rank of grey. With machine guns slung over their shoulders and alsatians in tow, they patrol the perimeter in pairs, practising the niggling policy of shaking down the unsavouriest of the bunch for IDs.

Those who don't meet the requirements are whisked away to . . . dimlit corridors of the sports arena where photographer Jeff Veitch and I find ourselves for infringing a local bylaw fe!" Though so timid and sweet onstage, his sister supports his vocal with chilling choral

— no pictures of police. Escorted by two militiamen — one in front one behind — we're led past the severest looking of the punks; the mohicans, those with the heaviest straps and chains and one who's decorated his neck with a noose. Jeff loses two films, others their wristbands. Mockery of man in the shape of self-mutilation, it seems, offends the basic tenets of socialist realism. That prerogative rests solely with the state.

Punks push and prod the patience of the state, testing the public tolerance of youthful extremes. Obviously they're aware of the risks, but they're prepared to run the gauntlet of both official and domestic disapproval. For they're not only prey to the police but also to other youth factions who, unlike punks, more easily hide themselves.

Punks, who have been around since '78 in the industrial cities, only began to flourish as a minority under the military regime.

"We too are attractions for Western tourists," mutters one punk sardonically. "They are surprised that a thing like punk exists here. But for us it is normal."

"It's a police state, but it's not that much of a police state," laughs his friend.

Teen troubles and fads are not a novelty in Poland.

Ever since rock and roll was smuggled in by sailors returning through the Baltin ports, Polish youth have mirrored or echoed Western developments and even thrown up a few styles of their own, the oddest and most disturbing being the '70s growth of the Gitmen who, so far as I can make out, were any ugly amalgam of mods and popperstyle, distinguished by a yearning for order that had them quoting Hitler and Stalin as their ideal leaders.

time I feel I do not have to worry about anything. The first place I have been where there are no shortages. For once I feel I can relax."

More generally punks no longer make any pretence at grasping after the unattainable. On the contrary, they've exteriorized their state of mind and the hopelessness of their situation into their dress and demeanour. Thus one group used to announce itself: "We formed three years before the end of the world. We have no success, no gear, no plans, no future . . ."

And another, Brygada Kryzys, once Poland's best known punk group, used to turn up at concerts with the little equipment they had, leaving it to providence and the initiative of the clubs in hustling up instruments and PAs whether they played that night or not.

"Ty just didn't care," despairs Warsaw Third's most popular DJ Piotr Kaczkowski, often described as Poland's John Peel, a muso wounded by the groups's apparent lack of pride in their craft.

Perhaps it's because they cared too much . . .

LITERATURE

Where lies or censorship prevail," George Steiner postulated in *Extraterritorial*, poetry can be news in a literal sense." He has also speculated how totalitarianism necessitated a more playful, allusive and elusive style of art and writing that would not only stimulate readers alert to nuances but also combat the deadening affect on language of an all-pervasive authoritarian newspeak.

Poland has always exercised a more tolerant attitude towards the art than its Eastern neighbours and its practitioners have not been slow to take advantage of this limited freedom. Thus they've built on a tradition of surrealism and heightened realism, fantasy and grotesquerie founded in bizarre Central European folk tales and ghost stories, using such forms to deal with the extraordinary effect on the Polish national psyche of a history of invasions, defeat and heroic resistance.

More so than anywhere else in Europe, Poland is acutely aware of its own past, particularly the most recent past of the Second World War, the subsequent civil war and the destructive Stalinist period. Then, the scars of history don't easily heal, especially not those left by Hitler's attempts to erase Warsaw and other Polish cities from the European map. The Poles don't easily forget and nor — quite naturally — do they want to.

Past nightmares recur like acid flashbacks through the writings of Bruno Schulz, who was murdered by the Nazis in 1942, the concentration camp stories of Tadeusz Borowski, who survived Auschwitz and Dachau only to kill himself in 1951, the surreal reality of the post-war civil war as recalled in Tadeusz Konwicki's *A Dreambook For Our Time* and Jerzy Andrzejewski's *Ashes And Diamonds*. The themes have persisted through Polish cinema: the films of Wajda, Zulawski, the Polish work of exiles Skolimowski and Polanski.

The past sewn up by literature and film, it is perhaps down to popular music to deal more immediately with the present. Steiner proposes "the poem is a conspiracy in the open air. The counter worlds of language, the rhetoric of fantastication, are a critique — probably the only critique that can be made aloud — of political reality."

I'd update that by suggesting Polish popular music, enriched by strong traditions and radical experiments in other fields of art, best fulfils that function. For, as one pop singer quipped: "People haven't got the time to read in times of crisis."

★ ★ ★

The great gloomy insect of eyes of Franz Kafka stare out from both the handsomely serious face of Darlusz Kulda and his more delicately-featured 17-year old sister Kasia, who together make up half of Kontrola W, the best and most contemporary of groups featured at Poznan.

Like Kafka's stories, their songs are minutely accurate capsule descriptions of claustrophobia, pinpricks of intense burning light in the prevailing blackness, alleviated by darkly sardonic humor that comes across more in its presentation that content.

"I am cold/I am frightened/What's happening?" queries Dariusz with the unnervingly funny intensity of a David Byrne with, for once, something genuinely worrying on his mind. "I am walking/I am shouting/I am fighting for li-

● CONT. ON PAGE 22

● *A hunted face — Robert Brylewski of the underground activist band Brygada Kryzys (Crisis Brigade)*

SS20 banned! Not an upswing in the nuclear disarmament campaign, but the censors moving in on a Warsaw punk group who'd named themselves after the Russian missile.

They've since changed their name to the hardly less inflammatory De Zerter and gained favorable coverage in the Young Communist daily, even though their songs remain resolutely the same: 'The Aborted Generation' ("Too much frustration/Not enough satisfaction/I belong to the aborted generation/There is no future for me . . ."); 'El Salvador' ("I want a holiday in El Salvador/Because at least something's happening there/Here there's only boredom and nothing to do").

That last one's meant to be ironic, points out one of the group helpfully.

"It's not the most important thing that the song is set in El Salvador," he adds, "it's happening in other countries too, people getting caught in the crossfire between two forces and dying . . ."

Other songs deal with the grinding reality of living in post-crisis Poland. They're not insults or assaults on the system as such, but expressions of their own feelings, for which the aggression of punk is ideally suited.

"We're not a fashionable group. We know that punk has existed since '77. We heard the records, though it was impossible to hear punk on TV, and read plenty of scandalous articles reprinted from the British and French press. Otherwise punk is isolated here."

Being in the minority they get the dogends when it comes to instruments, halls and fees.

"We play in student halls. The student clubs want the money and they know plenty of people in Poland want to see punk (they usually pull 4-500 people at a time). It's good for the clubs because they know we want to play, so they can get away with paying us very little money. We only get 400 zlotys and out of that we're supposed to buy the cognac for the journalists."

★ ★ ★

"At Poznan we saw a contingent of punks and we were playing for them," remarked a De Zerter. "The rest can f... off. It's up to them if they hear or understand anything."

And so it was that the multitude of young, bewildered and well-behaved Poles looked on bemused at the mass of pogoing punks churning up the front of the stage. But once the bouncers moved in and began hauling out pogoers at random, De Zerter managed to unite the crowd against adversity by launching into a final ironic song — 'Ask A Policeman'.

"For the first time I know peace," marvels a stray punk who has smuggled himself into one of the high class hotels into which the festival groups have been booked. "This is the first

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effects that hint of desolate expanses outside the ward sanctuary established by the music. Their paired back rhythms — thin recoiling bass and nervously itchy guitars — remind one of nothing if not the B-52's. But where the B-52's are relentlessly, blindly happy, Kontrola W are morbidly inquisitive. If they are to be trapped in a world they never made, subjected to unwritten, every adaptable laws, they will at least control their own destiny so far as possible by preparing their own defence.

Their coldly splendid garage minimalist reading of K's The Trial, however, isn't a conceptual favorite with the crowd. Fortunately for them the crowd is not a jury, this time no criminal injustice is perpetrated.

Anyway, everybody's dressed for Republika. Masses of teen girls are draped in black and white, their skirts and shirts embroidered with the group's name, Republika stencilled across scarves and chests. No merchandisers cater for these teen dreams, everything is handmade. The boys, too, are dressed in black and white, just like their heroes.

Always polite and incredibly patient the fans wait, heart in mouth, for a glance at the group, a smile and an autograph. Like most Eastern European groups, Republica are obliging and unfailingly good natured with their fans, even severely-tested vocalist Grzegorz Cichowski, who is hounded and hunted all over Poland.

On tour his hotel room number invariably slips out, leaving him besieged with phone calls from across the country throughout the night. He has arisen to find fans camped outside in the corridor, tearful and tired, waiting to hand him a rose.

Hardly the stuff of teen idolatry, Grzegorz's looks must rely on a certain weather-beaten appeal. A mess of straw-blond hair flops forward across his face, over emphasising his slightly receding chin.

When performing he stands sideways-on to the audience, pumping away at an upright piano and emotively singing in an appealing slur that sometimes slips into an effective stylistic stutter. As it is evidently not his looks, it must be his songs that have so captured the public imagination; or at least until teen hysteria took over and took off on a momentum of its own. I'm told that he has devised a metaphorical language that immediately touches a nerve, but at the same time can't be too concretely explained.

"The leader is a very intelligent boy who writes songs the youth immediately identifies with," comments one observer. "Republika's songs reflect the situation and feelings of the people."

Because they accurately finger the pulse of the people, their reputation has spread rapidly during the past two years until they've reached their prsently unassailable position. With no record company to hype their way, Republika's popularity is that rare thing: genuine.

"Here the band has created everything itself," claims Grzegorz in a matter of fact tone. "Unlike in the West you haven't got record companies which sign groups and then create mass hysteria around them to sell records. In Poland concerts are the place where real spirit is communicated first. Now after two years without any TV appearances we will release our first LP."

It is guaranteed to see out its 200,000 initial pressing. You will hear more about Republika when the LP is translated into English and released in the West later this year.

★ ★ ★

Every hour four haunting bugle notes sound mournfully over the air in commemoration, apparently, of the bugler who 500 years ago rose to the ramparts of Cracow to warn the town of a Tartar invasion, only to catch an arrow in his throat. The Poles probably lost that battle, just as they've lost most of their battles through history.

The bugle notes aside, the radio playlist is more democratically decided. Because few records get released in Poland the charts are compiled from listeners' votes. They can choose anything they hear on radio, from singles to LP tracks to live recordings.

Reflecting the rise of Polish music these past few years and balance of groups in the charts has now tipped in favor of homegrown. That said, Robert Plant's 'Moonlight in Samosa' held the Number One spot during our visit, but Republika figured strongly with four entries in the Top 20.

An interbloc joke goes something like this:
What nationality were Adam and Eve?
Polish, naturally.
Why?
Firstly, because they had nothing to wear. Secondly they only had one apple between the two of them. And lastly, they still thought they were in Paradise.

● *Western fashions might be frowned upon by authorities but they managed to smuggle in.*

Travelling by bus from Poznan back to Warsaw through lush, fertile land, past Catholic shrines to the fallen and religious totems guarding crops, it is difficult to understand why Poland ever suffers from food shortages.

Seeing lone peasants working the soil on hands and knees is one contributory factor. Foreign rake offs — Russian and Western — is another. With such crippling debts to the West, Poland is forced to sell off its best produce for hard currency, leaving Polish shops with shoddy quality goods and workers with little incentive to increase yields.

Add to that the knowledge that 3m card carrying jobsworths outlawed 10m Solidarity members and it's no small wonder that those in absolute contempt of the system practise a policy of non-co-operation, doing the little necessary to get by.

Many simply don't give a f... anymore and thus go out to enjoy life to the full, paying off along the way where necessary, even if they find the practice distasteful; why line some avaricious do-right's pockets? But grease money is accepted as the reality necessary to a comfortable life or at the very least to get things done. The ugly consequences of this is the excess profits going to those most willing to work for the yankee dollar — who'll do anything for the yankee dollar.

But what can a man do other than turn to the black market when the best quality goods, including some medicines along with luxuries, are only available through the official Pewex hard currency shops? Dollars buy breathing space, just as illegally buying dollars can deny you it. That many ordinary people will flaunt the law — indeed the state itself all but encourages lawbreaking — creates a prevailing atmosphere of lawless hedonism.

It allows spirits to soar to extraordinary heights that are only matched by the depths of hungover depression the following morning when reality seeps back in.

★ ★ ★

We must stop meeting like this! One last encounter with the heavy metal group TSA leads me to a table cluttered with empty bottles and soaked with spilt wine in a Warsaw hotel.

Their vocalist Mariek looks up from his glass grinning manically, his popping eyes full of devil spirit fun.

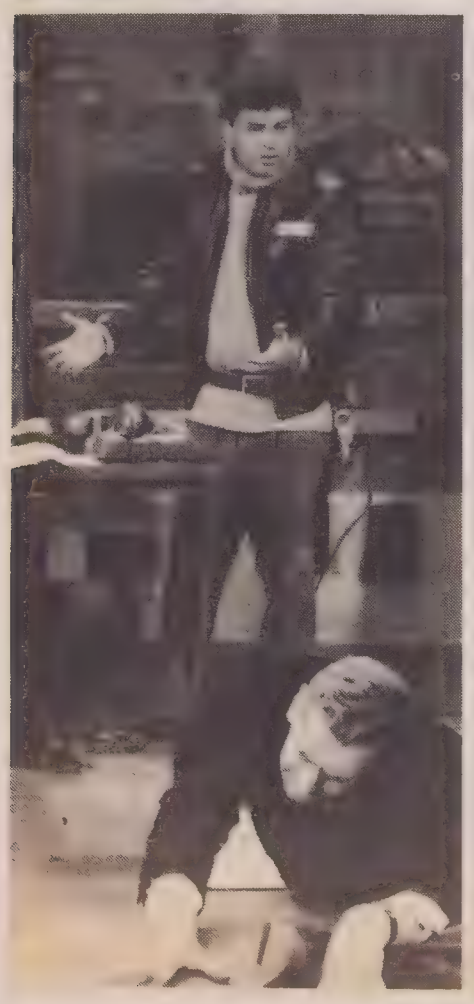
"Music must be crazy!" he bawls expansively across the room. Then, blowing his nose on a banknote he continues: "Music is my pistol — it kills fascists!" and abruptly lapses into a grotesque mime of one pinned to the wall by a hail of musical bullets. "Argh!"

Here in Poland even heavy metal is that much more deadly.

In Print

THE FUNNY MAN WHO TRIED TO BECOME SERIOUS

By Liz Breit



Just like most clowns, there is many a sad tale in Jerry Lewis' life. There were many good times as well, times of insecurity, unlucky, hard-up and luxuriously plentiful.

Jerry Lewis has been to all extremes it seems and he's written about it, pouring his heart and soul into his autobiographical book, Jerry Lewis In Person by Jerry Lewis with Herb Gluck.

For those who appreciate the fine comedy that Lewis has made legendary, Herb Gluck could well be one of his many characters along with the Nutty Professor. But whoever he is, and the book gives no indication, we the readers are the benefactor.

Jerry Lewis' book is what I think a real autobiography should be, where the personality is laid bare and all the excuses, apologies, justifications and dreams have a proper place. Of the Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin duo, I am now curious to know if Dean Martin will, or has, written such a book and explained his half of a multimillion dollar act that left Lewis hurt and bewildered.

Lewis begins his story with the closing night at the Copacabana on July 25, 1956, after ten years of the Martin and Lewis act.

Lewis describes the entrance: "We started our run to the stage. A huge roar followed us, swirling all around, growing louder and louder and crackling over our heads like gunfire. The whole room shook. We brushed past a tangle of reaching hands, all those ringside celebrities — Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Jackie Gleason, Maurice Chevalier, Milton Berle, Victor Borge, Sammy Davis — name them, they were giving us the greatest welcome of our lives here at the Copa, this closing night of July 25, 1956 . . .

"And the ride was filled with a million laughs, guided by a special kind of love that I thought two guys had for each other. But now it was ending, we were coming down fast, so fast I could hardly breathe. I hit the stage and glanced at Dean. His face was a mask: nothing showed beyond that. He stood there peering into the lights, seemingly relaxed, almost languid as he flicked an imaginary piece of lint off his jacket sleeve. The same old game — same pattern — he would play it cool even if it killed him."

While this was the type of person, we, the audience knew of Dean Martin, it is a different story according to Lewis. Sure, for a long while they were the best of friends, business was great, Martin's marriage wasn't the best, but then he couldn't help himself when it came to other women, even if Betty Martin was in hospital having a baby! Unfortunately, Jerry's best friend became lying and indifferent with him as well.

Jerry gives many instances of the times Dean hurt him, lied or refused to have anything to do with him.

"Well, I'm gonna ask you to do something for me, so I can rest easy. I want you to stick your big grubby Italian paw in mine and agree that you'll do the benefit for Y. Frank.

"And Dean stretches out his hand, saying Jerry, for Crissakes, I know how important this is. You got it.

"And I am free as a bird. I'm fine. I'm at the Shrine Auditorium on November 10, as scheduled. Only Dean wasn't there. I made a limp apology to the audience that he had a bad case of laryngitis. Then I did twenty minutes and fled.

"The next morning, Y Frank telephoned me. He said I shouldn't take it too hard. These things happen; don't worry, everything was still OK.

"But no. There were all those ads, the billing, the promos, and something more. I had let Y. Frank Freeman down.

On November 11, I walked into Dean's dressing room. You crossed me, Dean. What are you talking about? You must be kidding. You gave me your word that we'd do the Y Frank's show. You're out of your mind, I don't know a thing about it. Where were you last night? When did my life become your business? I didn't mean it that way. I mean, I sent an interoffice memo by messenger, with a copy to your dressing room, a copy to the Lakeside Country Club, a copy to your valet and a copy to your wife. So you mean to tell me that you didn't know we were supposed to be at the Shrine at eight o'clock last night?

Without batting an eye, he said 'Nobody told me there was going to be a benefit.' He looked around and spotten an envelope. He opened it, then took out a folded sheet of paper. On the clean side he started to scribble something, all the while muttering, "Listen Jer. I need two prints of *Living It Up*. Can you handle this?" And gave me the paper. It was the memo I had sent to him. It was filled with the empty spaces of our days together."

That was one of the low times. One of the high times was with another legend, Judy Garland. While on holidays in Las Vegas, he got a call from Sid Luft, Judy's husband and personal manager. Judy had strep-throat infection and couldn't do her show. Despite being ready and packed to go home, Jerry agreed to do her spot.

"Judy opened her dressing room door. She pecked me on the cheek, then folded her arms around my waist. 'Thanks Jerry. I'm so glad you're here.' Her voice sounded like Tallulah Bankhead impersonating B.S. Pully, so I knew this night she was for real. 'Yeah, well, I didn't have anywhere to go, anyway. Now shut your mouth and listen, just sit on the stage while I work. The people came to see Judy Garland. And if they don't they're gonna be pissed at whoever is up there.' I grabbed the microphone and said the first thing that came into my head: "I don't look much like Judy do I?"

The laughs came . . . the adrenaline kept pumping through fifty-five minutes of nonstop clowning. I couldn't believe it was happening, that I was making it alone, without Dean. I didn't know how to get off. The crowd wouldn't let me. So I turned to Judy: 'What do you sing as a finish?' She said, 'Rockabye Your Baby' and I sang it, actually got down on my knees and belted out the song just as I remember my father doing it — and Dad would have liked to believe that I thought Jolson came after him. I was never better on any stage ever in my life."

Jerry also had times with Stan Laurel (one half of Laurel and Hardy) and although it might seem like the young pupil visiting the old sage, Jerry Lewis was already a legend and Stan a very sick old man. Stan's reminisces with Jerry are very touching, especially his words about Ollie.

And Jerry probably saw many similarities between himself and Stan, as well as the relationships Stan had with Ollie and Jerry's with Dean.

There is so much in Jerry's life, his humble Jewish background, his insecure childhood, working to the top, his relationships with wife Pattie, Dean Martin, his children, his movies, his Noble Peace Prize, his charity work, even a drug problem.

In his epilogue, Jerry sums his life: "I have no regrets. I wouldn't change a minute of any of it. I feel I've done more than most men ever get a chance to do. I'm very fortunate and deeply grateful that I didn't wind up one of the many drummers in the parade: I was chosen to carry the baton . . . and that makes me feel very special."

● *Jerry Lewis In Person* **by Jerry Lewis and Herb Gluck is published in Australia by the Hutchinson Group and sells for the recommended retail price of $22.95.**

On Stage

Elvis Costello/ The Time/ Screen 3/ Unity Series

Norwich

Elvis The Imposter. Or should that read Rescuer?

'It's called a 'Summer Hoofer' apparently: A four band festival supplemented with videos and a dose of peaches and cream. Yummy.

Support your local boys: Screen 3 and Unity Series. Given a strong wind, they would have blown over. Both are capable of much more than these performances could offer and there was a gale threatening. Perhaps the major attraction to some could be Rick Buckler's new outfit.

What's The Time? You want it in a nutshell? A pub-rock shang-a-langa-chugga band. Let's boogie, baby. Few drummers maketh the group (that is not to undermine their importance — the drum machine is not the be-all) and the Time sounded like the million faceless bands continually featured on such gems as *In Concert* in the Seventies. More punters tried to stand to the side of the stage than at the front. It must have been very off-putting.

El had to give it the big one to stop many demanding change from the 5.75 pounds which had been handed over for a ticket. 'Accidents Will Happen' was the beginning of the upturn. 'Oliver's Army', 'From Head To Toe', 'Watching The Detectives', 'A Man Out Of Time', a great slice of singles interspersed with renditions of others from old and favourite albums and a preview of some new tracks.

The highlight of the evening was, without doubt, a thumping version of the Costello/Langer composition 'Shipbuilding' popularised, although to not half the extent it should have been, by Robert Wyatt.

The Attractions themselves hit hard and were backed on numerous songs by a platoon of brass-waving souls. Eyes front: Costello sweated and crooned, his voice almost falling to a croak once or twice. Strong like David, he led his band by the hand, his audience by the nose. And the ears, of course. And the throat.

Appreciation earned five numbers split into two encores ending with 'I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down'. A public admission; although being by no means a 'fan', it was all quite, quite admirable.

Pop music can be so lightweight. Perhaps the three supporting bands never really stood a chance but, luckily for the audience, there was still a hero to come through in the last two hours of the 'Summer Hoofer'. The victor? The man with spectacles and red socks.

On a technical knock-out, I give you Elvis Costello.

— CHRIS DAWES

PRIVATE LIVES

Venue: Hopetown Hotel, Sydney

We don't mind being blinded by intellect; we don't even give it a second thought. The well adjusted punter won't feel threatened, conned or condescended to by Private Lives. They'll enjoy the view, perhaps even dance.

Which is just as well, because Private Lives don't seem especially anxious to compromise either. If you can imagine the sound of the band on Bowie's *Young Americans*, you'll have some idea of them — a large line-up rock band playing very loosely. The guitar/bass/drums/keyboards are augmented with two or three sax-players, depending on the night.

At the moment, Private Lives are the most likely inner city band to break out into the suburbs. Everythings in place: the sound has gelled, they're interesting to watch and the material is well rehearsed.

Simply, watching and listening is a joy.

With the new songs in particular, the characteristic fragile textures have given way to a brassy, fuller, less self-conscious sound. The tempo, as always, remains medium paced and unhurried, with the playing sharp and aware. Private Lives are eclectic, with shades of Stiff Little Fingers, Johnny Thunders and Dexys songs drifting through.

John Needham doesn't go about attracting a lot of attention to himself. Not for him the Alex Smith nervous breakdowns. There is something of the Mark Knopfler in his unassuming stage presence; he's also an excellent and original lead player.

His voice is slurred and often indecipherable; but it's more the SOUND of his voice which matters. Both the songs — lyrically sparing love songs like "Lovers" "Like Her Daddy" and "Love Holds No Promises" — and the instrumentation gives his voice a lot of space to roam around in.

With so many players, it's possible for some of them to choose WHEN to play. Andrew Garton's keyboards, for instance, rarely thumps from beginning to end: he might stop altogether in the verse chorus or bridge, and he never swamps the sound. The brass section, quite naturally, do likewise. They blow hot and without mucking about -- their one aim is to play well.

I've seen them four times this year and haven't failed to come away spellbound as much by the subtle jagged thrust of their sound as by the degree of assurance and innovation with which they carry it off. As time goes by the goofball love-struck twitterings diminish and Needham becomes less of a forbidding presence; but paradoxically, the audience appears to be ever more fascinated by him.

They know you can see as much as you want to see, because they know what you see is what you get, and I got what I came for.

—SIMON MAYNARD
ARCH BROWN

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Midnight Oil

Venue: Lyceum, London

EARLS COURT must have been a ghost town for the night, so crammed was the Lyceum with Aussie ex-patriots for this special show which doubled as a showcase presentation and a pre-election CND benefit, featuring a speech from the redoubtable campaigner and philosopher Professor EP Thompson.

Midnight Oil themselves left the crowd in no doubt as to their attitudes and intentions when the imposing figure of vocalist Peter Garrett brought the music to an abrupt halt and announced "The problem with impending doom is convincing people that the doom really is impending."

On a musical front, Midnight Oil were more than convincing; they were shatteringly captivating and stunning, by far transcending even the strengths of their imminent *10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5 4, 3, 2, 1 album.*

They combine a finely-evocative hazy moodiness that recalls much of Magazine's gifted aura in textured, hypnotic songs such as 'Outside World' and 'Short memory' with a blistering political conscience which bursts out in pointed, screaming lyrics.

Mostly, the songs concern the outrageous anger and frustration the band feel at injustice, war and hypocrisy. All of this gives Midnight Oil an abrasive, searing edge that cuts cleanly and deeply, but it also leaves them prone to indulging in bouts of heavy (-metal), heavy (-handed) bluntness that attempts to bludgeon the audience into submission.

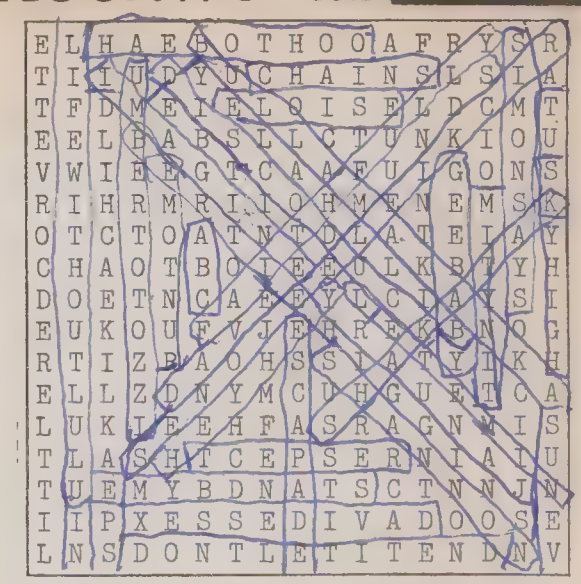
And thus they perch on a precarious precipice, dabbling with danger while pleading for peace and compassion. Central to this is the fiercely anthemic 'Power And The Passion' (which, ironically, occasionally stumbles and suffers by sacrificing a degree of passion for the immediacy of power!), grinding and crunching through a nation's apathy with the heartfelt exhortation that "It's better to die on your feet than to live on your knees!"

But while most of the attention is understandably focussed on the giant Garrett and his vitriolic lyrics, Oil's winning streak is truly enhanced by the crafted subtlety of the guitar and keyboard interplay, a coaxing, tender entreaty that caresses and massages when most bands blunder on mercilessly.

The elements in Oil's canvas are just about perfect — but to create a masterpiece, they need to strive after the right blend and consistency.

— JOHNNY WALLER

Rockwords



compiled by Linda Packham

The words below appear in the puzzle horizontally, vertically, diagonally and backwards. Circle each letter of the words and the remaining letters will spell the mystery word.

ABC
Bertie Higgins
Bill Haley
Bullamakanka
Chains
Dave Edmunds
David Essex
Disco Duck
Don't Let It End
Eloise
Escapade
Faithfully
Gee Baby
Imagine
January
Let 'Em In
Let It Be
Life Without Lulu
Little Red Corvette
Ooh To Be Ah
Respect
Rickie Lee Jones
Run To Me
Shakatak
Shannon
Simon Says
Sky High
Speak Like A Child
Stand By Me
Tiny Tim
Tusk
Umberto Tozzi
Venus
Yeh Yeh

AFRACTION
TOO MUCH
FRICTION

CLUE: Tim Finn finds a little resistance.

Milestones

July 4
1900: Louis Armstrong is born
1901: Actress Gertrude Lawrence is born
1927: Gina Lollobrigida is born in Rome
1938: Bill Withers is born in West Virginia
1943: Canned Heat's Al Wilson is born in Massachusetts

July 5
1943: The Band's Robbie Robertson is born

July 6
1925: Bill Haley is born in Michigan
1939: Musician Jet Harris is born
1971: Louis Armstrong dies
1972: Actor Brandon de Wilde dies in a car crash

July 7
1932: Weather Report's Joe Zawinul is born
1940: Ringo Starr is born in Liverpool, England
1953: Marcia Hines is born

July 8
1936: Steve Lawrence is born in Brooklyn, New York
1939: Television star Paul Cronin is born in South Australia
1944: Allmann Brothers' Jai Johnny Johanson is born
1967: Vivien Leigh dies

July 9
1907: Country singer Eddie Dean is born in Texas
1969: Brian Jones is buried in hometown Cheltenham (U.K.)

July 10
1897: Actor John Gilbert is born in Logan, Utah
1947: Arlo Guthrie is born in Coney Island, New York

On Stage

Simple Minds

Venue: The Ritz, New York

First things first: Simple Minds are a fabulous, distinctive, adept, passionate band and so much more than that. The LP *New Gold Dream* is as finely crafted and as soulfully wrought a post punk record as any, and it's terrific that a band of such originality and such quality can have a taste of mass appeal in America.

The American audiences, as personified by this fairly mainstream crowd at the Ritz, are likely to see Simple Minds and their lush, direct and highly emotive music in the same way that they see the transparent dance pomp of Duran Duran and their ilk. These are the expectations of the audiences here, and Simple Minds appear to have changed accordingly.

Rather than fight the need or the temptation to front a large, familiar, crowd-pleasing production, Simple Minds give in and stage a big, colourful, American show and play right into their audience's expectations of pomp and visual diversion. Which is all well and good — I have no criticism of Simple Minds' efforts or desire to entertain their audiences, if it doesn't effect their music. But it does.

In this brilliant and complex swirl of coloured lights, dry ice, bright costumes and high volume, the spare drive and poserful sensuality of Simple Minds is nearly completely lost. This is a totally different approach; they're seeking to overwhelm their audiences, not seduce and entrance them as their recordings do.

This is a different band to the Simple Minds that I fell in love with: They are indeed good at this big, busy show but where is the thrilling, swirling calm, the bright, minimal honesty that makes Simple Minds so unique, so dramatic (as opposed to theatrical), so sparkling?

With 'Celebrate', about four numbers into the set, Simple Minds begin to evoke the charms that drew me to them, playing the song with a deep, sighing rhythm snap, but this dip into subtlety doesn't last and they soon resume their high power danceatrics. Rather than boost them in any way, the additional power, volume and visuals mute and smother Simple Minds; the immortal chorus of 'The American' is lost in a blur, the cool glow of 'Glittering Prize' is stomped into the ground, 'New Gold Dream' is bashed out with the hammering speed of mid-period Stiff Little Fingers.

Intensity works for Simple Minds, but excitement doesn't; they're rushed, they're drowning in stage gimmickry, theatricals obliterate fluidity, they just don't excell. Seven albums under their skilled belt and we hear only songs from the new one, plus four fairly obvious selections from the past catalogue: 'The American', 'Celebrate' plus, of course, 'Love Songs' and 'I Travel'.

Well, complaints aside, Jim Kerr is quite good and a fierce and impressive level of musicianship is maintained throughout. With Kerr's sways, dips and sincere personality leading them, Simple Minds nearly turn this new-found stage power into a bold, fist-in-the-air triumph.

But the rest of the band cannot match Kerr's active warmth and eye-to-eye honesty, so Simple Minds fall just short of succeeding (albeit on a very different level to their recordings) with their Big Show.

— TIM SOMMER

SHORT STORY

Venue: The Warehouse, Melbourne

With very little or no media attention, Short Story have been developing into an extremely tough, punchy stage band with a style and relatively distinctive fusion of hard rock and leftwing mainstream influences which places them firmly in the top echelon of Melbourne's unrecorded bands.

Interestingly, Short Story are in the process of regression, an unusual form of adventure. Once discreetly challenging and eccentric, they now smother the challenge and emphasise the eccentricity; and in moving backwards, they move towards an audience.

The ambiguity and indeterminacy of their early days has fallen away. Someone murmured perhaps they've begun to take themselves seriously. Someone else complained they weren't loud enough. But no matter: the set has become strong and direct and the songs always active.

Short Story music is a very forceful blast of sound, raging dual guitar/keyboards and inscrutably pumping bass, stoic drumming. It skims along with delirium and swagger. There is a counterbalance with the awkward whimsy of the lyrics and the sheer danceability of the rhythms.

The band's strong point is the lead singer, Lisa Schouw. Blessed with a gritty voice that soars against the dynamic instrumental attacks, she also exhibits a strong touch of the dramatic, scornfully eyeing the audience and working the stage, using both methods to entice the crowd. Although much of the band's set is high energy, the night's highlight is "Golden Age", a lovely melodramatic piece which she delivers sitting down to accentuate the anguish in the lyrics and the emotionalism in the playing, augmented by some clever lighting work.

Without playing at "realism" Short Story are making statements. Instead of singing ABOUT, they dramatise, spin yarns, sing nonsense: a free play of cultural contradictions. The vision is unfortunately narrow but it is very Australianised. About being born in this country, splitting to Queensland to forget one's problems, complaining about "Someone In My Head" and the responsibility of "Making Decisions". It's music for those FM radio listeners who like to be attracted initially to a music and then the luxury of the time to come to grips with it through repeated listening.

— ROBBIE COATES

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Feedback

Heavens above it's The Angels

Sir:

Robert Vella's review of the Angels' *Watch The Red* was one of the best things I'd read by him, simply because it showed a rare empathy with the band's music.

Some of your other reviewers like Dave McGulloch and Simon Goss tend to be somewhat elitist in their approach to reviewing their albums. I'd have thought that the time for the Angels backlash was nigh!

The truth is, Angels are one of the best heavy rock bands in the world — unlike the British heavy metal brigade which virtually sounds and looks the same (and the Europeans aren't much better: listening to a Krokus LP is like listening to an AC/DC album but without Angus' snotty flash) and the lack of big record success overseas is no indication of their quality.

Where else can you find such literary quality (yes, with all its weaknesses and pretensions, Doc Neeson's still come up with some clever lines) combined with some inspired heavy rock underneath. The Angels have transcended the punk and heavy metal fashions, and I'm glad to see they're still around making good music.

More important, there are still good critics who haven't got spoilt by being elitist or trendy who can continue to appreciate them, and turns others onto them.

I must say *Juke* is one of the few papers around that I have any regard for. I've given up reading a lot of the English papers like *Melody Maker* and *Sounds* simply because they're too busy wallowing in their own self indulgence. The interesting thing about any sort of musical criticism is that while I'm entertained and interested by some of the writings, in effect by describing albums and concerts as supposed "emotional experiences", it's inevitable that you build up certain people and dismiss others.

Your Sydney competition RAM however express themselves in that cliquey way (as did the now defunct *Roadrunner)* where the whole stance is, if you're not IN or WITH the present scene, then you have no right to join or be part of it all. What a load of shit. As shown time and time again (Abba in 1975, disco in 1978, for instance) what was considered rubbish is a few years considered hip.

I'm quite jealous that I can't express myself with the written word as some of your writers can. But the written word can hide an awful lot, often fails to express real feelings. It might be hip building up and breaking down people, but for the sake of any sort of journalistic integrity, surely the writers both in *Juke* and other publications should sit down and work out what they want to do with their writing and the motivations behind it.

Lisa Karutz
Penrith, NSW

• Our Sydney competition? Heaven forbid, we haven't any.

Oldies But Goldies

Sir:

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho,

Your recent running battle in the *Feedback* section on the question of old farts (as you so quaintly put it) like the Rolling Stones and Pink Floyd riding on past success certainly did put a lot of peoples' noses out of joint.

However, I think that the major success of David Bowie in 1983 — commercially and creatively — shows that it still takes the old guard the discipline and the intelligence to come up with the goods.

What other album this year is as good? Oh yes, Mr. Dave McCulloch, I remember you tore it to bits, but then again, it is too trendy to knock Bowie and we wouldn't want you to miss the opportunity of leaping on every latest bandwagon. After all, it's only us — your long suffering readership who pay your wages and patiently wait for you to guide us on which records are worth purchasing — you have a responsibility towards.

Perhaps those you fool into listening to this current rubbish and thinking it is (a) good and (b) original, might do well to accept that someone who's been around for as long as Bowie continually breaking the rules, must have something going for him. Which other artist would dare give up rock and roll for three or four years, and come back with a top selling LP and world tour?

Bowie in September? I'll be at the front row. See you there?

A.D. Kent
Norwood, SA

• Why do we get this sneaky suspicion that all this talk about old timers is ultimately going to lead to a demand for a Masters Apprentices reformation?

Sir:

Whatever happened to Leon Berger and his top band Naked Eye? There will never be another band like them. Lead guitarist John Battison, bass guitarist Tim Bronson, keyboards-player Andy Burns and drummer Allan Fisher, and Leon of course.

They sang unreal songs like "Burning Eyes", "Don't Count Me Out", "Strawberry Fields" and "Don't You Die Young" — unlike the junk songs by Dire Straits, whose songs all sound the same. The Pommy bands are the worst ever, except for Police and Human League.

If Naked Eye get back together, go and see them. I used to go to the Musos Club with my mate every time Naked Eye played there with Doug Parkinson and some good sorts.

Scott Carmichael
Revesby, NSW

Sir:

Talk about being rapt to "death"! By pure coincidence I decided to trot on down to the local newsagent when I came across the last Juke in the store. What the f-k, why not! (Buy it, that is). I got home and who do you think I saw in it, pg 5, issue 426?

No, not some deadhead who can't sing or write lyrics. I saw Jim Morrison, the biggest hunk of MAN ever to live. I'm glad to see someone finally decided to show the world what a great performer and singer/songwriter is, of was.

I'm only 16, so not many kids my age would know about the fab Doors. In fact, it's hard enough finding out about their career now, seeing they joined the year I was born.

Could you PLEASE give all us Doors fans something to read about, even if it's about this play *Lizard King.* I'd be very, very grateful, and I'm sure lots of other sensible people out there who know what real music is would love it too! It's time the greatest band out stepped up over the other garbage, eg. Duran Duran, Duran Duran & Duran Duran, and set its mark in the history books. Long Live the king, Jim Morrison, may he R.I.P.

Pam

P.S. I also read Robbie and John (ex-Doors) were releasing a reggae single. What happened to it?

• Er, Rasta Never Fades Away? Meantime, check out Danny Sugarman's book *No One Here Gets Out Alive* for all the fab info on Jim baby.

Sir:

Could you please tell me if there will be a film/video released about the Lowell George Rememberance Concert that featured Jackson Browne, Linda Ronstadt, Bonnie Raitt etc that was held in 1979?

When Bill Payne came out here with James Taylor, I read in an interview that he was releasing a video of the concert but as yet I haven't heard anything else about it. Have you?

Glenn Masterton
Carrum Downs, Vic.

• The last we heard, there'd been some contractual problems. Has anyone heard anything more current?

Racist Rastas?

Sir:

The problem with a music paper that is run by smug left-wing liberals for a readership that is predominantly leftwing is the hypocrisy that creeps into the editorial decisions.

For instance, I notice *Juke* in its coverage of reggae gives full reign to the tastas spouting on about their beliefs. Yet on the other hand, all Nazi-orientated bands (obviously of the punk persuasion) are totally ignored.

To your writers, Nazi is automatically equated with scum.

Don't get me wrong — I'm neither Rasta nor Nazi but it seems to me that it is wrong to condemn one and approve the other. Rastas, after all, do believe in the superiority of the black race and the ultimate oppression of us whites. So why should music magazines such as yourselves allow such thinking to be expounded through your pages?

If you bunch of post-hippy bleeding hearts want to convert the world, at least try and envision a world where all races are absolutely equal, with none trying to opress another. Think about it.

George Sinclair
Potts Point, NSW

• There is nothing in the Rasta creed that champions suppression of the white race, merely the emancipation of the blacks. Get your facts right.

Japan covers

SIR:

Could you settle an argument between two distressed Japan fans? My boyfriend insists that somewhere on an obscure Japan b-side is a version of the old "I Heard It Through The Grapevine". I have never heard of this track, and I figure I've got every record they've ever released. And certainly my close group of friends are into David Sylvian enough to have heard of the track if it had been recorded.

So: Did Japan ever record "Grapevine" and what other Motown songs have they covered?

P.T. Hobson
Brisbane, Q'land

• The only Motown cover Japan attempted was "I Second That Emotion", which was written by Smokey Robinson and was a hit for him overseas on its release in December, 1967.

Kissed!

SIR:

I thoroughly enjoyed your Kiss story, but once again Penny Harding shows that critics will always begrudge a band that makes it to the top despite their thumbs-down.

When Kiss first made it, all the critics jeered and insisted that Kiss' success was the result of their merchandising and image making. So, OK, the fantasy trip had a lot to do with Kiss' appeal but, schweppes, when I used to play Kiss records at my parties to get everyone up dancing and singing, we weren't thinking of any makeup then.

Now, Kiss have crashed back bigger and better than ever before, and Ms Harding can only be grudgingly give them their dues. When Paul Stanley says that Kiss are the best live band around, ACCEPT IT! Don't call it a "hollow promise". Paul is entitled to his opinion, after all!

Or do Kiss have to learn to play synthesisers before they get the *Juke* seal of approval?

Philip Damasaro
Fairfield, NSW

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